



THE



# LEISURE HOUR

NOVEMBER, 1883.

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### ALMANACK FOR NOVEMBER, 1883.

1	T	☾ rises 6.55 A.M.	16	F	☾ rises 7.22 A.M.	24	S	☾ rises 7.34 A.M.
2	F	Mich. Law Sitt. be.	17	S	Daybreak 5.24 A.M.	25	S	27 SUN. AFT. TRIN.
3	S	Venus sets 4.55 P.M.	18	S	26 SUN. AFT. TRIN.	26	M	☾ grst. dis. from ☿
4	S	24 SUN. AFT. TRIN.	19	M	Jupiter near ♄	27	T	☿ aft. ☿ 12m. 17s.
5	M	Jupiter ris. 9.35 P.M.	20	T	Mars near ♄	28	W	Pegasus S. 6 P.M.
6	T	☿ aft. ☿ 16m. 15s.	21	W	☾ 3 Quar. 1.44 P.M.	29	T	New ☾ 6.54 P.M.
7	W	☿ sets 4.22 P.M.	22	T	☿ sets 4.1 P.M.	30	F	☿ sets 3.53 P.M.
8	T	☾ 1 Quar. 0.4 A.M.	23	F	Pisces S. 7 P.M.			
9	F	P. of Wales b. 1841.						
10	S	(Ld. Myr's. Day						
11	S	☾ rises 7.11 A.M.						
12	M	25 SUN. AFT. TRIN.						
13	T	Twil. ends 6.12 P.M.						
14	W	☿ sets 4.13 P.M.						
15	T	Full ☾ 4.37 P.M.						
		Saturn near ♄						

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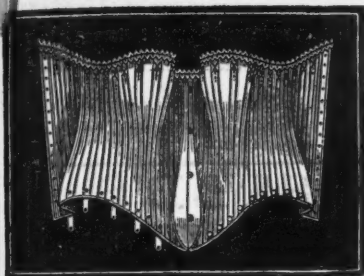
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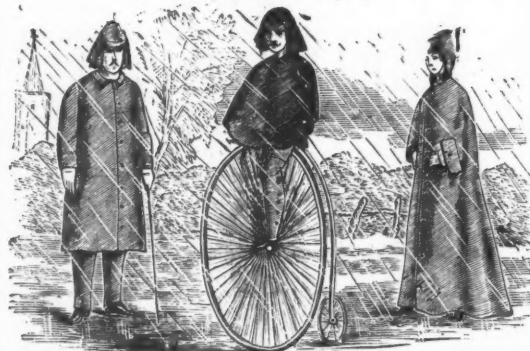
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## THE SEEMING MYSTERY OF CHOLERA AND FEVER.

**THE OFFICE OF THE LIVER IS TO CLEANSE THE BLOOD**, as a scavenger might sweep the streets; when the liver is not working properly a quantity of effete (or waste) matter is left floating in the blood; under these circumstances, should the poison-germ of Cholera or Fever be absorbed, then the disease results; on the contrary, any one whose liver and other organs are in a normal or healthy condition may be subjected to precisely the same condition, as to the contagious influences, and yet escape Cholera and Fever. This I consider explains satisfactorily the seeming mystery that persons who are placed in circumstances peculiarly favourable for the development of Cholera or Fever, who, in fact, live in the midst of it, escape unscathed. Cholera and Fever may be compared to a weed (and a very ugly one, too), but even weeds will not grow on solid flagstones; and what I contend for is this, that a person may be subjected to the influence of the specific poison—that is, the germ of Cholera or Fever—and not contract the disease. Why? Because his secretions were in a thoroughly normal condition, and consequently the poison could not take root, any more than a weed could on a flagstone; and, on the other hand, a person may have the soil (that is, disordered secretions, &c.) very favourable for the disease, and still he escapes. Why? Because the soil was prepared, but there was no seed. Hence the importance and great value of ENO'S FRUIT SALT, which, under all circumstances, keeps the secretions normal: if only as a preventive against and sure remedy for poisoned blood, biliousness, sick headaches, &c., no one ought to be without it.

## ENO'S FRUIT SALT

**REMOVES POISONOUS MATTER** caused by impure or vitiated air, errors of eating or drinking, &c., by natural means. No one is safe without having at hand some efficient means of warding off BLOOD POISONS. After a very patient and careful observation, extending over many years, of the effects of ENO'S FRUIT SALT, I have not the least hesitation in stating that, if its great value in keeping the body healthy were universally known, not a single travelling trunk or portmanteau would be without it.

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**A Ragged School in Southwark.**  
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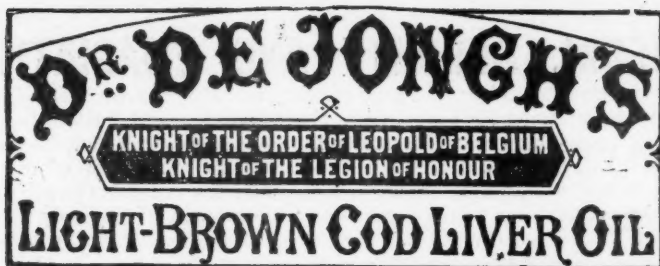
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**THE PUREST, THE MOST PALATABLE, THE MOST DIGESTIBLE, AND THE MOST EFFICACIOUS.**

## CONSUMPTION & DISEASES OF THE CHEST.

The extraordinary virtues of **DR. DE JONGH'S LIGHT-BROWN COD LIVER OIL** in Pulmonary Consumption have long been fully established. Administered in time, and steadily persevered in, it has not only the power of subduing all disposition to Phthisis, but of arresting the development of tubercles; or, when the disease has advanced to the developed form, it has accomplished in numberless cases a complete cure. No remedy so rapidly restores the exhausted strength, improves the nutritive functions, stops emaciation, checks the perspiration, quiets the cough and expectoration, or produces a more marked and favourable influence on the local malady.

**DR. SINCLAIR COGHILL**, *Physician to the Royal National Hospital for Consumption and Diseases of the Chest, Ventnor*, writes:—

"I have convinced myself that in Tubercular and the various forms of Strumous Disease, **DR. DE JONGH'S LIGHT-BROWN COD LIVER OIL** possesses greater therapeutic efficacy than any other Cod Liver Oil with which I am acquainted.

"It was especially noted, in a large number of cases in which the patients protested they had never been able to retain or digest other Cod Liver Oil, that **DR. DE JONGH'S OIL** was not only tolerated, but taken readily, and with marked benefit.

"**DR. DE JONGH'S OIL** is now the only Cod Liver Oil used in the **ROYAL NATIONAL HOSPITAL FOR CONSUMPTION AND DISEASES OF THE CHEST.**"

**DR. HARDWICKE**, *late Medical Officer of Health, Paddington*, writes:—

"In the class of tubercular diseases, including Consumption, so prevalent in our great centres of population, the use of **DR. DE JONGH'S LIGHT-BROWN COD LIVER OIL** is attended with manifold advantages; and I know of no therapeutic agent which, in connection with judicious sanitary measures, is better calculated to stay the ravages of these great consuming plagues of the British Islands.

"The Iodine, Bromine, and Phosphorus in **DR. DE JONGH'S LIGHT-BROWN OIL** are undoubtedly efficacious, and being naturally combined with the most easily assimilated fatty substances, make it act both as food and medicine for many invalids who take it periodically with great benefit to health."

## CHRONIC COUGHS—THROAT AFFECTIONS.

**DR. DE JONGH'S LIGHT-BROWN COD LIVER OIL** has been most extensively and successfully used in the treatment of Chronic Coughs and Throat Affections. It effectually corrects the morbid or relaxed condition of the mucous surfaces of the throat and bronchial tubes, and speedily allays the irritation which produces frequent and prolonged coughing.

**DR. HUNTER SEMPLE**, *Physician to the Hospital for Diseases of the Throat and Chest, Author of "On Cough; its Causes, Varieties, and Treatment,"* writes:—

"I have long been aware of the great reputation enjoyed by the **LIGHT-BROWN COD LIVER OIL** introduced into medical practice by **DR. DE JONGH**, and have recommended it with the utmost confidence. I have no hesitation in stating my opinion, that it possesses all the qualities of a good and efficient medicine. Its taste is by no means disagreeable, and might even be called pleasant. I can fully believe that, from its richness in chemical principles, it is superior in efficacy to many, or perhaps all, of the pale-coloured Oils. I have found **DR. DE JONGH'S OIL** very useful in cases of Chronic Cough, and especially in Laryngeal Disease complicated with Consumption."

**LENNOX BROWNE**, Esq., F.R.C.S.E., *Senior Surgeon to the Central London Throat and Ear Hospital, Author of "Practical Remarks on Throat and Ear Diseases,"* writes:—

"I can have no hesitation—on the contrary, I have much pleasure—in stating that **DR. DE JONGH'S LIGHT-BROWN COD LIVER OIL** is undoubtedly superior in its therapeutic effects to all other preparations of Cod Liver Oil that I have prescribed. Its action has proved, in my own experience, particularly valuable, not only in those diseases for which it was originally employed, but also in many cases of Weakness of the Singing and Speaking Voice, dependent on Bronchial or Laryngeal Irritation, and in all forms of Strumous Enlargement of Glands, and Discharges from the Ear."

[For further Select Medical Opinions see other side.]

## GENERAL DEBILITY AND EMACIATION.

In cases of prostration and loss of flesh, where the vital forces are reduced, and where life appears to be even at its lowest ebb, the reparative and restorative powers of Dr. DE JONGH'S LIGHT-BROWN COD LIVER OIL have been remarkably manifested. By its administration the natural appetite is revived, and the functions of digestion and assimilation are improved, reanimated and regulated; the muscular power and activity are sensibly and sometimes rapidly increased; the weight of the body is remarkably augmented; and, when the use of Dr. DE JONGH'S OIL has been steadily persevered in, its peculiar tonic and nutritive properties have entirely restored health and strength to the most feeble and deteriorated constitutions.

JOSEPH J. POPE, Esq., M.R.C.S., *late Staff Surgeon, Army, Professor of Hygiene, Birkbeck Institution, London*, writes:—

"I found during my Indian experience that the worth and character of Dr. DE JONGH'S LIGHT-BROWN COD LIVER OIL remained unchanged by tropical heat or foreign climate, and it was, from its uniformity of character, particularly adapted for long-continued administration.

"Further, I have noticed the important fact, that Dr. DE JONGH'S COD LIVER OIL, besides containing all the active constituents of the remedy, is easily assimilated, without the stomach derangement so frequently following the use of the ordinary Oils.

"The value of 'hydro-carbons' in all debilitated states of the system is now becoming thoroughly recognized; and it is, without doubt, from the animal oils and fats, rather than from their vegetable substitutes, that we may hope to derive the surest benefit.

"The OIL of Dr. DE JONGH places in every one's reach a reliable and valuable remedy, one that cannot be too widely recognized."

Dr. CORR, *Physician, South Bermondsey Provident Dispensary*, writes:—

"Having taken both Dr. DE JONGH'S LIGHT-BROWN COD LIVER OIL and the Pale Oils, I can positively assert that I place reliance only on the former, it having relieved very unpleasant symptoms, and increased my weight in two years from 9st. 4lbs. to as much as 11st. 6lbs., during which time I was a constant traveller in different parts of the world for the good of my health.

"I had sometimes to resort to the Pale Oil, through falling short of Dr. DE JONGH'S, and I am quite sure that I really lost weight on these occasions, though both were tried under similar circumstances of climate, diet, etc.

"To sum up briefly, I may state my conviction to be, that the Pale Oil is deficient in some one or more of the valuable properties of genuine Cod Liver Oil."

## SELECT MEDICAL OPINIONS.

Sir HENRY MARSH., Bart., M.D.,

*Physician in Ordinary to the Queen in Ireland.*

"I have frequently prescribed Dr. DE JONGH'S Light-Brown Cod Liver Oil. I consider it to be a very pure Oil, not likely to create disgust, and a therapeutic agent of great value."

Dr. LETHEBY,

*Medical Officer of Health to the City of London.*

"In all cases I have found Dr. DE JONGH'S Cod Liver Oil possessing the same set of properties, among which the presence of choleic compounds, and of iodine in a state of organic combination, are the most remarkable."

Dr. PROSSER JAMES,

*Lecturer on Materia Medica, London Hospital.*

"Dr. DE JONGH'S Light-Brown Cod Liver Oil contains the whole of the active ingredients of the remedy, and is easily digested. Hence its value, not only in Diseases of the Throat and Lungs, but in a great number of cases to which the Profession is extending its use."

Sir G. DUNCAN GIBB, Bart., M.D.,

*Physician to the Westminster Hospital.*

"The experience of many years has abundantly proved the truth of every word said in favour of Dr. DE JONGH'S Light-Brown Cod Liver Oil by many of our first Physicians and Chemists, thus stamping him as a high authority and an able Chemist whose investigations have remained unquestioned."

Dr. EDWARD SMITH, F.R.S.,


*Medical Officer to the Poor Law Board of Great Britain.*

"We think it a great advantage that there is one kind of Cod Liver Oil which is universally admitted to be genuine—the Light-Brown Oil supplied by Dr. DE JONGH."

Dr. EDGAR SHEPPARD,

*Professor of Psychological Medicine, King's College.*

"Dr. DE JONGH'S Light-Brown Cod Liver Oil has the rare excellence of being well borne and assimilated by stomachs which reject the ordinary Oils."

 DR. DE JONGH'S LIGHT-BROWN COD LIVER OIL is supplied ONLY in IMPERIAL Half-Pints, 2s. 6d.; Pints, 4s. 9d.; Quarts, 9s.; sealed with BETTS' Patent Capsule impressed on the top with DR. DE JONGH'S Stamp, and on the side with his Signature, and the Signature of ANSAR, HARFORD & CO.; and bearing under the wrapper a Label with the same Stamp and Signatures.

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Sold by all respectable Chemists and Druggists throughout the World.

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**ANSAR, HARFORD & Co., 77, Strand, London.**

**IMPORTANT CAUTION.**—Firmly resist attempts often made by unscrupulous dealers to recommend, or substitute, solely with a view to extra profit, other kinds of Cod Liver Oil, under the delusive pretence that these are as good and as efficacious as Dr. De Jongh's Oil.

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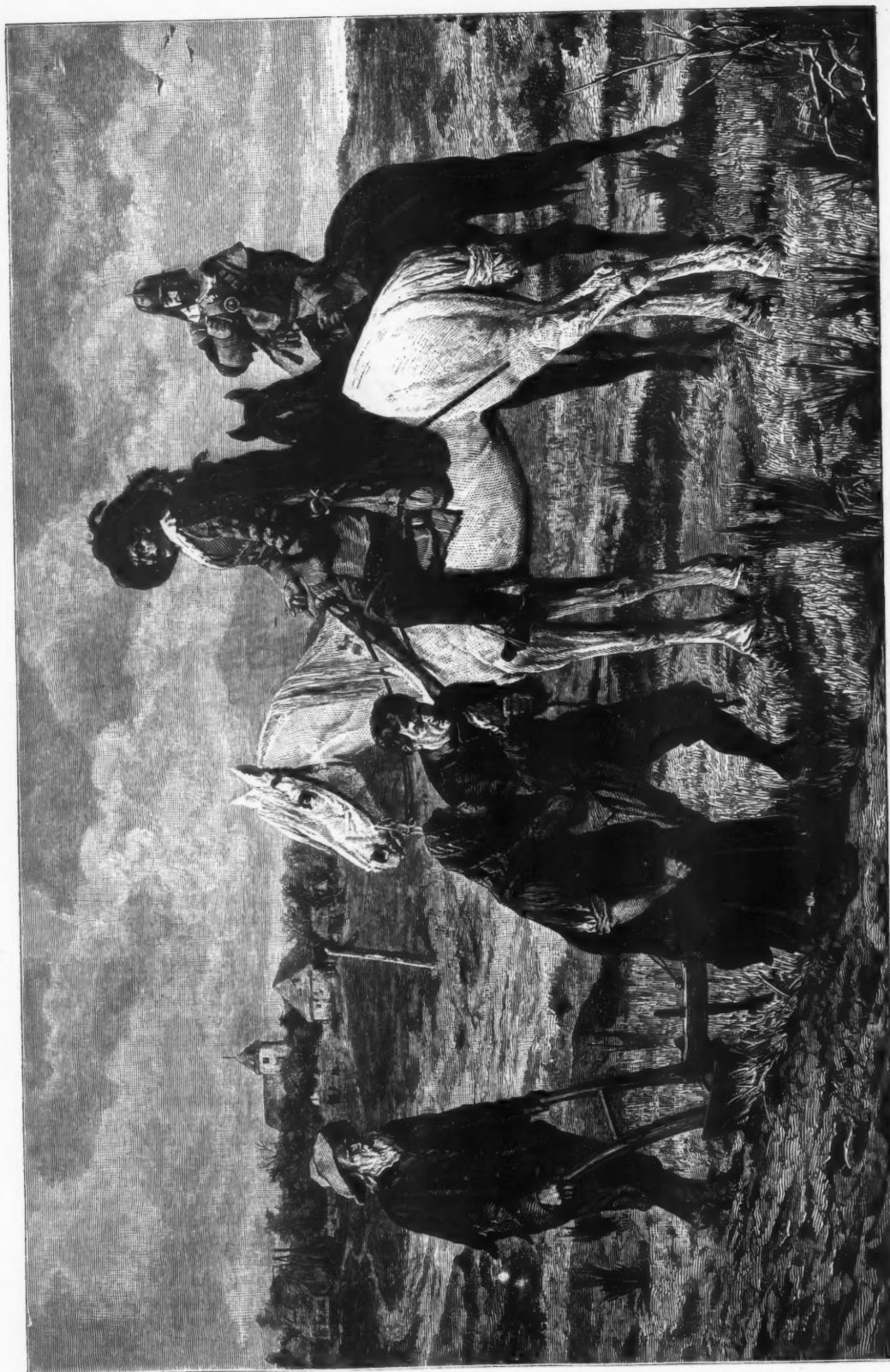
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THE RECRUITING OFFICER.  
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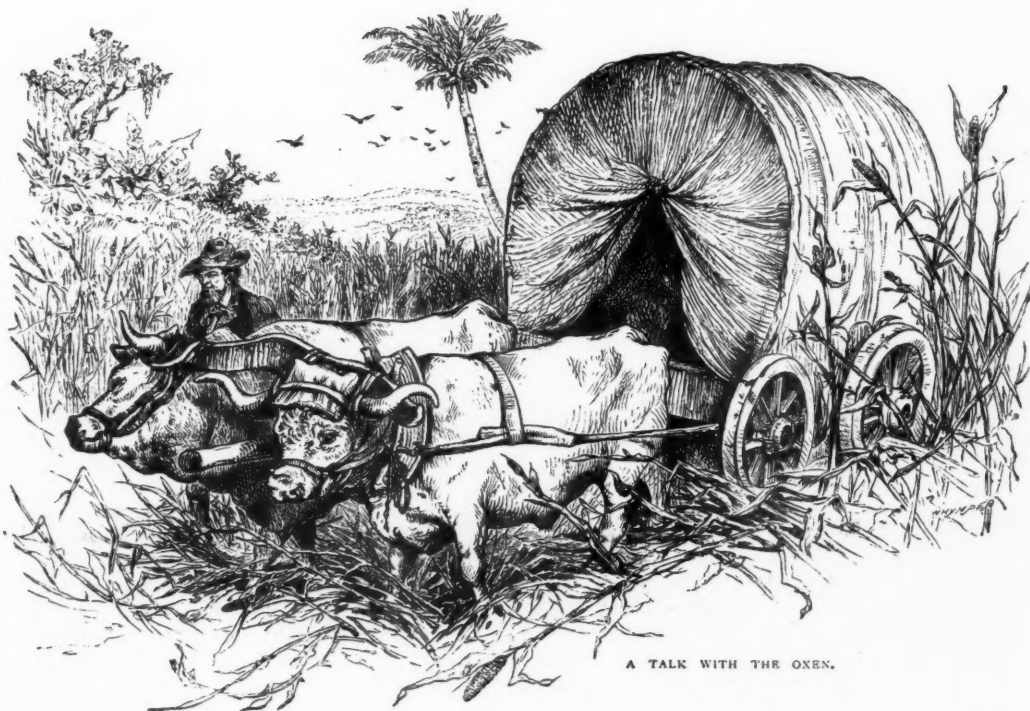
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## CHRISTOPHER:

A STORY OF LIFE IN TEXAS.

### CHAPTER I.



A TALK WITH THE OXEN.

IT is a glorious afternoon; the air clear and hot, and full of the scent of China-trees, and the glint of humming-birds darting in and out among their purple blossoms. And the little Texas town was so still that it looked like a city in some wonderful dream. The very dogs were asleep. The oxen in the waggons patiently blinked their soft eyes; the negroes drowsed in the sunniest places they could find. The wide, long street—laid out for the future myriads—was like a picturesque painting. Log houses covered with white jasmine and scarlet honeysuckle alternated with deep, windowless stores of stone, and between the shaded sidewalks the broad, sandy street lay, in the white quivering air, like a river of sunshine.

Nowhere was there any sign of human life, except in front of Haney's Hotel, a square wooden structure, with low wide piazzas shading both storeys. Here, around the door, were half a dozen men lying back in tilted chairs, their big fawn-coloured Mexican hats drawn over their brows—dark men, sallow, and fiercely-whiskered, carelessly dressed, and remarkable for their air of perfect independence and serene indifference.

One in the group was, however, a complete contrast to all the others—a small fair man, not

young, but with a rosy, freckled face, greyish-brown hair, and thoughtful, sad, blue eyes. He alone seemed to be consciously awake. He sat with his elbows on his knees, supporting his face upon his level palms. A commonplace face enough, and yet it had a look that was strangely attractive—kind, and good, and strong—the look of a man who had been through deep waters, and come safely out on the other side.

From two to four o'clock there was scarcely a movement; then, as if some spell had been broken, the place awoke. There was first the trampling of horses, and the men on the piazza slowly raised themselves and looked towards the river. From it came a small body of men riding steadily, silently, swiftly. They drew rein as if they were one man before the hotel door, and waited. In a few moments their leader joined them. He was a handsome young fellow, with a clear-cut, clean-shaven face, resembling very much that of the first Napoleon. Most of the planters on the piazza spoke to him, and he answered with a recklessness that had something almost sad about it. But he made a splendid picture as he rode with his men slowly up the Avenue, the bright sunlight glinting on the steel of his arms and the silver of his saddle-trimmings, and touch-

ing with kaleidoscopic effects the crimson and blue and fawn and black of his picturesque ranger costume.

"What is Captain Nap after now?" asked an old Texan, rising and looking after him; "Indians?"

"Cattle or horses, more likely," was the answer; and the speaker lazily spit out a mass of chewed tobacco.

Then the small fair man turned squarely round, and said, distinctly,

"Snyder, if I was you, I would call a spade a spade. If you think Captain Nap is a cattle thief, tell him so."

"Not much, Christopher. I would as soon be a mouse and bell the cat. A man's thoughts are his own, I reckon."

"Certainly; but it is not always best to hang them out in public, young man." Then he lifted his rifle, and, going to his oxen, said, "Geranium, Dick, it's about time we were moving."

The two oxen looked up sleepily, but, rising at once, they began to plod steadily homeward, Christopher keeping at their head. He was evidently a privileged character; Snyder had taken his reproof with a tolerant smile, and everybody that passed him had a kindly greeting. When he had got beyond the settlement, and on to the green prairie, he began to sing softly, and

other time, Dick; you are grand company, but we have been an hour coming three miles. I don't want to hurt your feelings, but it is getting dark, and we must foot it livelier."

Perhaps the increased pace was mere imagination, for when Christopher reached his home the great white moon was high in the sky, and the mocking-birds were thrilling the silence with melody. He loosed the oxen, took off their yokes, and said "Good-night" to them, as if they had been human beings, and they rubbed their heads against him with a dumb intelligence that was almost pathetic. Then he stood a moment and looked over the lovely plain, with its undulating waves of grass and flowers, and its little islands of oak and pecan. It was a vision of our lost Paradise, and he said softly, in a kind of adoration, "This is none other but the Gate of Heaven."

His little log house stood open; in fact, the honeysuckle had clambered so over the door that it would have been impossible to close it without breaking the vine, and that Christopher could not bring himself to do. He soon kindled a few sticks, put on his coffee-pot, and took from a cupboard some corn-bread and jerked beef. His face was placid and happy as he gratefully ate his simple supper, and when it was over he moved his raw-hide chair into the moonlight, and sat down to smoke and think.



A WELCOME ARRIVAL.

his face brightened with every verse. The oxen frequently turned their large, soft eyes on him; they knew their master, and seemed to time their heavy steps to the music as readily as he did.

Very soon they fell into conversation. "These are bad roads, Geranium; but beasts are not expected to be particular about roads. What do you think of that young man, Dick? One should judge for the best. I know that is your opinion. If I wanted charity I would as lief ask it of a good beast as any other fellow-mortal." And he kept up the same kind of nominal argument until the sun went down in a pomp beyond imagination. Then Christopher changed his tone. "Hurry, Geranium! We must talk the matter over some

In a short time he heard a footstep keeping time to a clear whistle, and it made him glad. He feared no man, and he wanted some one to talk to. Perhaps when he saw Captain Nap he was a little disappointed. He had hoped it might give him the latest news, and tell him how the world was moving. But the disappointment was only momentary; the Captain had long been familiar to him by report, he had defended him that very day, and love springs readily up after kind words.

It was a coffee-pot Captain Nap wanted. He had neglected to put one in his camp utensils, and it would never do to go to the frontier without

a coffee-pot. Christopher gave him his own. "He could go to the village next day and get a new one," and then he "wondered if there was nothing else the captain wanted."

"Nothing, Christopher, unless you have a glass of whisky round."

"There is a bottle on the shelf. I bought it five years ago in case of snakes. Rattlesnake poison is pretty rough inside a man, but whisky can beat it." And Christopher looked so sad and still in the moonlight that the captain, very much to his own amazement, felt no further inclination to open the rattlesnake antidote. But in some strange way the men attracted each other. They talked on various topics, and the young man tried to accommodate his conversation to his unusual companionship. When his customary oath escaped him Christopher mildly said "he was against hearing his Maker spoken of in that way," and the captain swore no more in his presence. As he stood up to go, Christopher asked, "Where are you going this time, captain?"

"Cross Timbers and Comanche Peak."  
"Indians?"

"You are a Texas gentleman, Chris; why are you asking questions like a keen Yankee—or a Scotsman? There's M'Kinney's Scotch shepherd—if you tell him it is a fine day he'll ask you a question in reply."

"Perhaps I ask questions, then, because I am a Scotsman? I come from Aberdeen, and while I look over the prairie and fancy I see its granite spires glittering in the sun like a city of crystal."

"I beg pardon, I thought—well, I once heard that you were college-bred, and so I reckoned you was a—Yankee. No offence, I hope."

"I am college-bred. I wore the scarlet gown of the Marischal College, Aberdeen. God for ever bless her walls, and the braw lads who gather there."

"I reckon you studied for the law," said the captain, wishing to be as flattering as possible.

"No. I studied for the ministry."

"Possible? You are not a preacher now?"

"No."

The conversation had come to a point from which the rough soldier could no longer pursue it. Still, though he could not understand the man before him, he felt that he had an extraordinary fascination; and after a silence which was perhaps more satisfactory than polite speech, he nodded his head in token of adieu, and went whistling softly away across the prairie. Christopher watched him until he was lost in the timber, then he fetched his blanket and pillow and laid them under a great live oak. The Gulf breeze had risen, and the melodious gurgle of that wonderful air of Western Texas was inexpressibly lulling. Christopher faced it with a prayer, and then lay down to sleep among the warm, dry grass, the whole State of Texas for his bedroom.

The acquaintance thus begun ripened slowly into a real friendship, although in all human judgment there was not a single element of sympathy between the men. Whenever Captain Nap was in camp he spent a great deal of his time with Christopher. Sometimes they smoked in silence hour

after hour, sometimes they talked the night away. Again, the young man would go on what he called "a regular tear," then Christopher hunted him up and took him away from the village; and thus in the course of three years ties were formed not easily sundered.

One night, when Captain Nap had been away much longer than usual, Christopher felt that he was coming back. It was a cold night. The deer had gone to the timber, the buffalo had gone west, and the wolves had followed their trail; but the cranes were still in flocks on the prairies, and their frequent challenging cry, "Kewrrooh! kewrrooh!" was like a pistol-shot in the rare, clear air. Perhaps it was this cry that made him guess Nap's approach, for nothing escapes these sentinels of the prairie.

"I should not wonder if the captain is coming," he said, confidentially, to Geranium, as he gave him a few extra ears of corn. "Dick, when he comes he'll look at that sore on your neck, he's mighty clever about such troubles." And the words were scarcely uttered when the well-known cheery whistle was heard in the distance.

Christopher's plain face brightened like a woman's, and, with a parting word to the oxen, he hurried away, for once not noticing that the creatures looked after him, perhaps with some painfully unintelligible feeling of jealousy. Never had the captain looked so gay and handsome. His clothing was unusually fine and picturesque, and a splendid Serape Saltillero\* hung from his shoulders, adding a kind of majesty to a form and face already remarkable for the true imperial look—that look which half coerces and wholly persuades.

"God bless you, Nap! I am right glad to see you!"

"I know it, Chris."

They sat over the blazing cedar logs, and for a while said very little. Nap smiled softly to himself—a smile of genuine happiness. Christopher watched him, and waited patiently for any news his companion might have to give him.

At length Nap fixed his fine eyes on his friend's placid face, moved close to him, gently touched his hand, and said, in a voice wonderfully sweet, "Christopher, I'm in love! Oh, the fairest and sweetest woman! I'm in love, Christopher!"

"I am very, very sorry."

"Oh, no, you are not sorry; why should you be?"

"It is a risk few men are fit to take. If you lose in that venture it is a loss you can never measure or repair. Who is the girl? where did you see her?"

"Let me tell you, and don't be jealous of me, old Chris. We camped, three nights ago, by Dr. Hay's place on Orchard Creek. Just at sunset I went over there to tell him there were twelve of his horses among a lot we had taken from some Comanche thieves near Alvarado. A negro boy told me the doctor was in the house, and I went straight to the open door. He was not there, but

\* Serape Saltillero, a blanket in which is interwoven gold and silver threads, so fine and soft that one can be put into a coat pocket. They are made only in the city of Saltillo, Mexico.



before the blazing logs a girl sat, with her hands clasped above her head, slowly rocking herself and singing something that made my heart stand still with pleasure. I watched her ever so long, her slight figure swaying like a flower, till she heard me; then she turned and stood up. Christopher, I shall never forget her lovely face, her soft, shy eyes, her quick, bright blushes! We looked at each other a minute before I could speak, and I don't know at all what I said. Her father is a Texan, but her mother was Spanish; I have found that out. And, Chris, she is the most beautiful woman in the world! Her name is Inez, Chris—I think Inez is the loveliest name in the world!"

Christopher looked sorrowfully at the youth, who went on joyfully—"I've been into Lavenburg's for these new things. Do I look well in them? Do they fit me? Chris, you know lots of poetry, and I want you to write something about love to send her. I'm so happy! I don't believe any man was ever so happy before!"

Christopher was still silent.

"Why don't you speak, Chris? Are you not glad?"

"I don't know. Is she a good girl? Does she love you? If not, go to the ends of the earth rather than marry her. I say, captain, I want some one to go to Scotland and make some inquiries for me. Go, and I will pay you well."

"Not for millions! I could not do it, Chris. Why are you so depressing, old man? Never knew you to throw cold water on a fellow before."

"I'll tell you, captain; yes, I'll tell you. Perhaps it may spare you sorrow, and why should I spare myself? Thirty years ago, just when the world was all bright and hopeful before me, I met Clarissa St. Clair; the most beautiful woman in the world I thought her. It was on a warm gloaming in August, and I was walking slowly home through the ripe wheat. There was only a narrow footpath, and when half way through the field I met in it a young girl, who seemed to me in the soft yellow light a creature too beautiful to be mortal. I remember that she was dressed in pink, and that her straw hat hung over her arm. There was a wreath of poppies in her bright, fair hair, and her white apron was full of ferns and wood-blossoms.

"Of all the women far or near she was the one least fitted for me, but I was infatuated with her beauty, and I would listen to no one's advice. She was vain, frivolous, and extravagant. Looking forward to the holy profession to which my life was to be consecrated, my best friends reasonably urged such a marriage was a grave injustice to it. But I would not see a fault in Clarissa. Come what might, I was determined to marry her. I had my way, Nap. I hoped all would come right. Nothing came right. In less than a year I knew that I had blasted every honourable hope of my past life for a pretty woman who made my home wretched.

"It is no use saying that 'you will not quarrel with a woman under any provocation.' I made that promise to myself over and over again, but she could always make me break it. What a

miserable man I was! My friends openly pitied me, and I hated their pity and shut myself up from it. And every day I cared less to fight against a sorrow I had lost all hope of turning into good.

"One day a friend called with a report that set me all on fire. I was angry with him, and what I said to Clarissa I do not remember. Bitter words I know they were. That night she took our child and went to her father's house. He was factor to the Earl of Glencairn, and a man of some influence in the countryside, and people generally blamed me. Things very hard to bear were said about me, and it mattered little that they were untrue in one respect—the public accepted them, and I was too proud to defend myself. I had been teaching, but my scholars left me, and when I shut my schoolhouse doors I knew that I had lost all hopes of that higher office for which I had so patiently and happily prepared myself.

"Very soon after, I left my home and country, and came here. I bought cattle and land, and cast my old life behind me. Now can you understand that a foolish love may wreck a life that has begun well and is full of its own promise?"

"Oh, Chris! Inez is so different."

And who can reason a lover out of his conviction? Captain Nap was every day more in love, even though the Doctor steadily opposed his suit. "I can give my girl twenty thousand head of cattle, and land enough to graze them," he said to the handsome, eager captain, "and you have nothing but your horse and your pay."

One morning when Nap was on the Concho Christopher took a sudden resolve. "Geranium," he said, "what do you think if we go and see Captain Nap's little girl? She won't fool Dick and you very far, will she?" So he yoked his oxen, and went leisurely up Orchard Creek. The doctor was delighted to see him, and as they talked over the new "Branding Bill" then before the Legislature, and arranged a trade in horses, Christopher watched Inez in all she said and did. Her beauty was indeed remarkable, and it pleased him that her eyes were pensive, and that her sweet oval face had much the expression of a child's, shy and innocent and eager. His own wife had been bright and witty. If Inez had been coquettish and mirthful he would have feared her by instinct.

The next morning he found her standing under the mulberry-trees feeding her pigeons. "Donna Inez," he said, "I had a message from Captain Nap on Monday night. Buck Burnett had to come down after powder, and he brought it."

The girl's eyes filled with terror. "He is wounded—perhaps dead," she whispered.

"No, he is not. But I consider him the miserablest young man about a girl I ever knew. I came to see for myself whether the girl was worth worrying about—I think she is—and whether she really loves him. I can't find that out. Tell an old man honest and square, do you love Nap as a woman ought to love the man who loves her?"

"Why do you ask, Christopher?"

"Because somehow or other I love Nap better than anything else in the world. Fact, I have nothing else to love."





DONNA INEZ.

"Then, Christopher, I love Nap just as truly as he loves me."

"That's a good girl. Now what's the difficulty?"

"Cattle and land."

"That is all?"

"All."

"Well, I reckon I can settle that."

Here the doctor joined them, and Christopher said, "Come, Doc, and walk a hundred yards with me. I have something to say to you, and it's time I was going. I don't like to hurry my cattle, and they have all they can do between now and sunset." The doctor laughed, and, fanning himself with his big hat, strolled on beside the waggon.

"Doc, I want to tell you that I kind of favour a marriage between your daughter and the captain."

"I don't, sir."

"Now, why, Doc?"

"He has no settled occupation; he has no money, and he is as passionate and ready to fight as a wild steer."

"Well, Doc, I don't know that my heir will need any steady occupation."

"Your heir?"

"Yes, I've adopted him, I reckon."

"That alters things considerable."

"I thought so. What will you give your girl?"

"Twenty thousand head, and grazing land on the San Gabriel."

"I'll give the captain ten thousand dollars and build a good house for him. I reckon that's square."

"I'm with you."

"Then good morning, Doc. Your girl loves the captain, and I'm for marrying him on that ticket. It's the safest, and a man is not apt to run on it more than once in his life."

He watched anxiously now for the captain, but it was six weeks before he returned to the settlements. As it happened, the first persons he saw were the Doc and Inez. They were taking their morning gallop, and turning round a little clump of live oaks, they met Nap and his men. The doctor's greeting was frank and cordial. "Captain," he said, "I'm glad to see you; come over to dinner;" but he left Inez to tell the story of Christopher's generosity.

Just before dark Christopher heard the quick strong tread he knew and loved. He was smoking

quietly beside the hearth-log, but he stood up and waited, his small figure trembling with excitement. The captain came straight to him; he put a hand on each of Christopher's shoulders, and looked steadily into his face.

"Chris, what made you do such a kindness to a scapegrace like me?"

"Then you'll take it, captain?"

"You meant it, and I'll take it."

"Thank you; sit down."

"You did it for Inez's sake."

"No, I did it for you. I kind of took to you the first moment I saw you, and you seemed to like me. Nobody has ever liked me before. I was an orphan brought up by strangers; you know what my wife was. I've lived alone here; I was not like the people around me. They got on in Indian fighting and cattle trading, but I've lived alone. I want some fellow creature to love, and I hope you'll excuse me choosing you, captain."

They had carried their chairs on to the verandah, and the captain sat looking at the man, asking with an almost pitiful anxiety for his regard. Never were two men more radically unlike each other. One, an elderly man, whose whole past had been a disappointment; the other, young and handsome, and in the full flush of a happy hope, and a future which crowned all his desires. One a gentleman and a scholar; the other a rough, unlettered soldier. But for all differences, some strong subtle link was between them, and when Christopher said "I hope you'll excuse me choosing you," the young man threw his arm across the old man's shoulder and stooped forward and kissed him. It was the most natural action in the world, and under the circumstances appeared so to both men.

How beautiful seemed all nature to them! The blue sky and the green earth; the vast, dark pecans; the wide-spreading live oaks; the softly dimpling pendulous leaves of the mesquite-trees; the cranes, with slow and measured tread, pacing their stately rounds; the swallows darting in the evening air, the song-birds twittering "good-nights" above them. Two men never drew near to each other at a fairer hour. In soft, slow tones they began to speak about the captain's marriage.

"We must go to Judge Terry's for the ceremony," said Nap. "My mother will expect it, and the doctor thinks it best."

"Your mother! Judge Terry! What do you mean, Nap? Am I taking somebody's son from them?"

"No, you are not. I have no father; he died before I knew him. My mother never cared for me. After she married the judge and had other children I was in every one's way. I joined a Ranger company when I was fourteen years old. I have not slept a night at home since."

"Poor boy! Are you Texan born?"

"No; mother and I came from New York. She was a teacher in an officer's family in San Antonio. When I was twelve years old she married Judge Terry. We have no quarrel, but we don't get along, so I keep away. However, the doctor thinks my stepfather ought to marry us. I guess he wants his vote at the next election."

"Well, well, Nap, how do you spell your name? When I was in New York I knew a family of the same name. K-n-a-p-p, they spelt it."

"Why, Christopher, Nap is only a nickname the boys gave me. They fancied I looked like Napoleon, and somehow the name has stuck to me. My name is Robert Moray."

Christopher did not answer for some minutes. His face showed white as a dying man's, and for a moment he reeled on his chair. But he speedily recovered himself. "Robert Moray," he said, faintly, and yet with an accent of suspicion. "Well, you must be married in your right name. It would be a sin and a shame else. Whatever that name is, take it."

The captain laughed pleasantly. "My name is Robert Moray. It is on the roll of my company Robert Moray. Don't you like the name?"

"Yes, I like the name. I shall always call you Robert now. There has been no end of good Christians called Robert, but them Napoleons!—well, we won't judge them, Robert. Do you remember your mother's maiden name?"

"No, I never heard it. The judge calls her Clara, but for a woman's name give me Inez," said the lover, joyously.

## CHAPTER II.

THAT night Christopher slept such a deep, sound sleep that the sun was up, and Dick and Geranium lowing for their corn, when he awoke. His first feeling was that of being a stranger in his own home; a sense of change was present, and he was too old to welcome change in those prosaic moments when we first look our daily life in the face. But a dash of cold water on his head, and a few words of prayer standing in the open door of his cabin, quite restored him to his usual serene cheerfulness. The cattle and pony, the pigeons and chickens, got their corn; the colony of squirrels that lived in the live oaks got their pecans before Christopher made his own breakfast. As he ate it he began to mutter to himself, "Robert Moray! Robert Moray! It is strange. But queer things do happen, and I'm glad the lad has a decent name of his own. There was Professor Moray, of Marischal, and the Rev. Robert Moray, of the Relief Kirk, and Robert Moray, the carpet-weaver in Kilmarnock, and there is—but that's just impossible. However, I'm glad the lad has a decent name."

Then he began to think about the wedding he had done so much to forward. "There's plenty of good limestone in the creek, and I'll build them a house of it. If that bed of stone had been in Scotland they would have quarried a city out of it ere this. Well, we'll begin it. And I must go to the marriage." Then he went to an old trunk and opened it. It contained only some yellow manuscript—the first chapters of a book begun thirty years before—and a fine black suit. He lifted the latter carefully; it fell to pieces in his hands. He had worn it at his college, and he said, sadly, "Poor old coat! You shall not go to a foul decay," and he laid it on the coals and watched it pass into white ashes and impalpable vapour.

There was much to be done in the village, and he yoked up Dick and Geranium and went there. He was not inclined to talk, and the creatures never noticed his silence—"which shows their fine feelings," Christopher had often remarked. "If they had been dogs, now, they would have been barking and whining out, 'What's the matter? Why don't you notice us?'"

He went first to Lavenburg's to get a new suit of clothes, and the men lounging about the store were so differently and so picturesquely clad that, if he had wanted a suggestion, he could hardly have come to a better place.

There were half a dozen small, thin Mexicans in black velvet and silver bell-buttons, and silken sashes of the most brilliant colours. Their long, black hair and quivering nostrils and large, red mouths always affected Christopher unpleasantly, but he returned the courteous wave of their cigarettes with a slow, thoughtful "Good morning, señors." Leaning against a bale of cotton stood Marajilda, the mildest-mannered Apache that ever cut a throat or "lifted" a white man's hair—a wily, cool rascal, brave as a game cock, with lustrous, pensive eyes and a sad, thoughtful face. But Christopher had seen him on the battlefield, and knew that the gentle-looking chief, in his fine trim suit of buckskin, was a human tiger. There were a score of Rangers dangling about in all kinds of picturesque garments, with their rifles in their hands, the great bell-spurs on their boots chiming softly as they stalked about to the ring of coins upon the counter. There were planters in white linen and cow-boys in leather, and Jew-traders in second-rate "store clothes." Some spoke Spanish, some German, some English; the languages were almost as various as the costumes. Christopher took an access of dislike that morning to "store clothes;" he renewed his blue flannel blouse, his dark tweed pantaloons, his knee-boots and big straw hat, and was satisfied.

Then he had to look for stonecutters and masons and carpenters, to order some furniture, and to see the factor through whom he banked his money in San Antonio.

It was near sunset on the second day of his visit when he stopped at Haney's Hotel on his way home to ask for a parcel he expected. As he came out Judge Terry spoke to him. He had never noticed the judge before, but he forced himself to do so now. He was a big, swarthy man, on whose scarred, prominent features the history of Texas was written. A man whose eyes flashed with a ready and dangerous fire, even while a smile was on his lips.

"Good evening, Christopher. Let me tell you, sir, I think you are a fine fellow."

"Thank you, judge. I have done what I liked to do, that's all. Good night, judge."

"Here comes Robert's mother. Won't you speak to her? I am sure she would like to thank you."

"I reckon not. My respects, judge;" and he walked away without raising his eyes to the occupant of the open buggy, for he dreaded to hear a voice he knew. Then all the way home he blamed himself severely. "You have a coward for a master, Dick," he said, sadly; "a coward,

who always runs away from trouble. What would you have done? Faced the woman! yes, even if she had had a scarlet shawl on. Of course you would, but men and steers are so different. Dear me! I'm almost sorry I took to liking that young fellow. Love seems to bring a power of sorrow with it."

When yet far from home, the young fellow came galloping to meet him. He was in trouble, and in a blazing passion. Snyder and he had had an open quarrel, and as he recapitulated the offence Christopher was at first amazed, and then angry, at the passionate and profane threats which Robert uttered. He stood still and looked at the young man, saying with a cool, determined emphasis, "Robert Moray, I have told you before that I won't hear my Maker's name brought into your quarrels about drink and dice and land and steers. The whole earth is His, and the cattle upon a thousand hills—look at the myriads going tramping through the grass towards the timber, marching like regiments. What for? He has told them that a storm is coming, and if we do not follow them it will be the worse for us."

The Captain was nonplussed. He was little used to being talked to in a way at once authoritative and kind, and there was something in Christopher's face, and in the coming storm, that sobered him. The white sky had turned to a dull red, and the red soon became slate-coloured, then dense and black up to the zenith. The whole heavens seemed about to plunge upon the prairie. The air grew so tenuous that both men and oxen sighed as if on a mountain top. Suddenly, a narrow brassy zone circled the horizon, widening rapidly upward, and then came the rushing wind, slinging hail-stones from the far heights, that smote the ground, and men and beasts, with terrific violence.

The men crept under the buffalo robes in the waggon; the beasts, mangled and bleeding, fled in terror before the storm. Then came the rain. It surged and swashed, it ran along the level prairie in a sheet, and, hurled by the mad wind, filled all space with its swaying, pelting, crushing masses. Fortunately, they were only a quarter of a mile from the timber, and within its shelter they outlived the wind and hail. But it was midnight when they reached Christopher's cabin, utterly worn out, and drenched to the skin. The hearth-log was burning, however, and they soon had a bright fire and a cup of hot coffee. Then they could afford breath to talk, but both were strangely silent and solemn, and Christopher's first words showed that Robert Moray's temper was still troubling him.

"Robert," he said, "where is your puny bluster amid His wind and storm? Let Snyder alone. Suppose you do shoot him, what then? You must hang or run. In either case you will have to give up Inez."

"Right, Christopher. It won't pay to shoot him."

"It never pays to do wrong. Let us change the subject. I saw your stepfather to-day, and he spoke very handsomely."

"The judge is always just; there's worse men



than Mike Terry—if you let him have his own way."

"He asked me to speak to your mother, but I did not."

"Why?"

"I do not know exactly. I am a coward about women, I think. But you are going to marry, Robert, and I think you ought to ask her about your father. If you have boys and girls, they should know who their forbears were."

"That is your Scotch notion; but I have very often asked her."

"What did she say?"

Then they spoke of Inez and the marriage, and Christopher promised "to drop in some time during the evening," but said "he must be allowed to come and go when he chose." "He only wanted to see Inez in her bridal robes, and he hoped no one would notice him." In pursuance of this plan he would not go with the bridal party, but just at sunset quietly took a seat on the verandah. No one noticed him; he knew few of the people present. The rooms were full of ladies in white dresses, and soldiers, citizens, and Robert's Ranger companions. He placed himself in a position which would enable him to



A STORM ON THE PRAIRIE.

"That my father had treated us very badly—run away from us, in short—and that the scorn and ill-talk at last fell on her, and she had been compelled to leave her home and go among strangers."

"He must have been a bad man."

"I don't believe it," said Robert, warmly. "I don't believe he was to blame. I am sure he was a good fellow enough."

Christopher's eyes filled, and he looked tenderly at the handsome youth so hotly defending his unknown father.

"Why do you think he was a good fellow, Robert?"

"Because whenever I did anything that was particularly kind, I got a whipping for 'being just like my father'!"

"Yes,—as how, now?"

"Well, I cried myself into a fever when she had my little dog Caper hung, and I took a flogging rather than tell where old Africa was hid when the traders were looking for him; in fact, I never did a kindly thing that it was not laid to some special inheritance from that bad father of mine. But I'll bet he was a real good-hearted fellow."

It seemed to Christopher that these were the sweetest words he had ever heard from any human lips, and he encouraged the young man to say them over and over again by a mild kind of contradiction.

watch the changing crowd in the parlour; sooner or later he would see Inez—and the other woman.

He saw Inez first. Inez in some soft, flowing white dress, trimmed with knots of myrtle and white jasmine; and a wreath of the same starry flowers was on her black hair. Her shy beauty and childlike tenderness filled him with satisfaction. As he watched her listening with happy blushes to her young husband, Robert's mother crossed the room to speak to them. He heard some one point her out as the bridegroom's mother, and he straightened himself in his chair and looked intently at her.

She was a large fair woman, voluminously dressed in flowing white muslin and lace; on her round white arms were broad bands of gold; there was gold on her hands, and on her neck, and in her ears, and among her heavy braids of yellow hair. But he could not have a moment's doubt. She was the same woman he had last seen in a grey winsey dress in the cottage at Glencrieff. She was Clarissa Moray. She was the woman he had married nearly twenty-eight years before.

Two handsome girls, evidently her daughters, were by her side, and he saw three boys, of ages between five and twelve, address her at intervals with a loving confidence, which met with a response she had never given to his poor unloved little lad. As it happened, the two eldest of these

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boys by some childish instinct found out Christopher, and got to talking to him, and finally took him off to see a family of fine pups, in which they had a sole proprietorship. They were handsome, kind-hearted boys, and Christopher took to them, as he did to all good children, but yet his heart was sore and bitter. He thought of his wee Robert weeping himself into a fever for the dog his mother had hung, and he felt such a sense of pity and anger stealing into his heart, that he went no more near the house, but, untying his pony, rode away.

He had indeed need of solitude. This thing that had happened to him was the one dilemma that had never occurred to him as likely to happen. He had always thought of Clarissa as being in her father's house, and bringing up their son among her own people. Then he remembered that the man from Glencrieff whom he had met in New York had told him that Clarissa's father had married a second wife. The whole story was clear, as if written, to him. The stepmother and Clarissa had naturally enough disagreed, a reaction of public feeling had taken place, and Clarissa, to escape the trouble at home and the slighting in the church and village, had come to America. Perhaps she had some hope of finding him in that movement—and Christopher moved uneasily as if the danger yet threatened him—but she had not done so, and had simply allowed circumstances to mould her life.

She had been poor in New York, had taught for a living, and in the capacity of a teacher had come with an officer's family to a Texan fort. So much Robert had told him, and no doubt she believed him dead, and thought herself free, after twelve years, to marry again. That she had waited so long was in itself a commendation in the state of society then prevailing in Texas, and he gave a mental eulogium to those grave, conscientious Presbyterian traditions which had moulded Clarissa's education and influenced her even in the wild life of the Central Texas of fifty years ago.

The question for him to answer was somewhat simplified by these reflections. Clarissa had evidently married in good faith, firmly believing her first husband to be dead. She had borne Judge Terry five sons and daughters, and was an honoured and recognised wife. Was it his duty to disturb this relation and injure the future of these children, altogether innocent in the circumstance? He asked himself if he was prepared to take again the wife who had so broken up and ruined his former life, and he shut his eyes with a shudder when the question presented itself. No, they had been so unequally yoked that the galling of the yoke had been intolerable to both.

Who was to be benefited if he did reveal himself? No one. Not Robert, not Clarissa, not Judge Terry, not the five children, not himself. If he could have felt sure that "God had joined them together," then he would have known that nothing nor any one ought to put them asunder. But he had married Clarissa against the advice of his friends, and against the convictions of his own heart. The question was rendered more difficult by the fact that the clouds of war were gathering.

Reports of stormy meetings in Austin and San Antonio had just been received. The judge even at the marriage feast had thought it right to say that "when liberty called, even the bridegroom must leave his bride."

As yet he had taken little interest in the election of the President, but if things came to this pass it would touch even a life as lonely as his. And Judge Terry, amid all that gathering, had pledged himself to maintain with his sword the cause he had chosen. If so, Clarissa and her children would be left without protection. Was it right now to deprive them of the support and advantage which a name so honoured and powerful gave?

For many a weary, anxious day he pondered these questions. Nor did he fail earnestly to seek the wisdom not in himself. If God would only send him some message, show him some way! But no answer came. No sign was vouchsafed. However, he was not a man of hasty mood, and he durst not move until quite sure that he was right. Then he reflected that in July the bishop would be in San Antonio. Though not of his own church, he knew him to be a holy man, and he resolved, if no clear light had come to him before, to tell him all his perplexity and ask his advice.

But long before July Christopher had succumbed to a low form of typhoid rheumatic fever, induced by the anxiety of his position. He had never been sick in all his life before, and the pain, and fever, and semi-delirium was a terrible revelation to him of the power and possibilities of humanity as a mere sufferer. But even the Valley of the Shadow of Death has its consolations—secret communings inexpressibly comforting, and human ministrations which touched his heart into childlike love and gratitude.

The doctor watched the disease with patient, careful skill; Inez and Robert scarcely left his side. To both the young people it was a three months full of new and startling life. For as Christopher slowly recovered it was customary to bring his mattress during the greater part of the day on to the sunny verandah, and here Inez sat by his side reading the one Book he loved; and often Robert, hour after hour, lay with shut eyes, listening also. To these two young souls it was a book of wonder; and when Christopher was sleeping, they often sat talking over in whispers the doings of its mighty men. Well would it have been for Robert if his heart had opened to receive the truth in its fulness.

By September Christopher was nearly recovered, but great changes had taken place in the interim. The horizon of the country was like that of the sky before a prairie storm. Christopher had had a dream, or seen a vision of a great arch parting in the centre, and of a mighty voice calling for the birds of prey, from the east and the west, and the north and the south. In his own soul he knew that a bloody war was at hand; and at his own door there was a quarrel also, which greatly troubled him. Robert—his son, his unacknowledged, yet dear, dear son—was at open war with his old enemy and rival, Bud Snyder. There seemed to be no way of arranging this dispute.

The first offence had been about cattle, and Christopher, at some personal sacrifice, satisfied the man. Then Snyder made a land claim that was still more unreasonable, and still more difficult to adjust. The captain's peons and cow-boys had a fight with Snyder's whenever they met; and Snyder and the captain were burning to take up the quarrel.

If Robert went into the village, both Christopher and Inez were so wretched and restless that they often walked together half way there to meet him. To save themselves twenty minutes of such agonising suspense was felt by both to be worth the fatigue. Robert, coming galloping home, often thus met them on the moonlight prairie, and was generally much annoyed. "He was no fool," he said, warmly, "he could keep his tongue as well as his rights;" and then he would quite undo any comfort in such assurance by touching his pistol and adding, with a laugh, "besides, Christopher, I am never without my peacemaker."

In the following March the political quarrel was at its bitterest. Families were divided against each other, old friends were enemies, old comrades had taken different sides. Judge Terry had raised a regiment and crossed the Mississippi, and Robert Moray was chafing and moody, and only waiting for the organisation of the army which was to proceed to Arizona.

Christopher was at this time very unhappy. He had found out that a life tied to that of others, by even the tenderest cords, must pay love's toll of care and sorrow. But in his most anxious hours he rarely wished back again his former placid existence. In one respect he was, however, temporarily at rest—Judge Terry was thousands of miles away, he could not interfere with Clarissa then. That question could be left at present. And, indeed, he had plenty else to worry about. Robert, in the excitement of politics and the gathering of men and arms, had quite given up the regular life which he had led since his marriage. His cattle and ranch had lost all charms for him, the work on his new house had ceased, he had himself enlisted every man on it. Every morning he went to the village, and every evening his return at nightfall was more and more uncertain. The old military passion ruled him, he resented anything that seemed to oppose it. Christopher had wisdom enough not only to let him alone, but to advise Inez to avoid tears and complaints. "The good seed has been sown in his heart, my dear," he said; "let us wait for the harvest."

One brilliant morning in October he awoke with a strange depression of spirits. His room seemed full of shadow, in spite of the white sunshine, and he walked sadly in it, thinking, thinking, but never able to get beyond the one word, Robert. About ten o'clock he was so unaccountably miserable he resolved to go to the doctor's on horseback. He rose, as if suddenly in a hurry, and went to the door. Then he saw a woman coming over the prairie as fast as a fleet horse could bring her. Rarely do sorrows or dangers come unannounced. On the mental wall some mystic hand traces the characters of fear—

some vague caution, dim and shadowy, warns us—perhaps the projection of our own thoughts—perhaps some external association. There are, too, unexplained presentiments that no sneer can gainsay. Christopher had awakened from deep sleep with this warning peal from viewless bells in his soul, and he had carried the sorrow as yet unknown to him to the council chamber of the wise and the pitiful One. So now he waited patiently for the messenger of evil.

The woman came swiftly. It was the negro girl who waited on Inez. "Massa Chris'pher! Massa Chris'pher!" she cried, "dars a sight ob trouble ober to Judge Sneed's; and Miss Inez says you must come quick to her, and de cap'an."

"What is it, Cass?"

"De cap'an, he done kill Massa Snyder, and dey has took him ober to Judge Sneed's; and Miss Inez done faint, and faint, and ole massa, he's in de drefullest passion at de cap'an; and Miss Inez says, 'Go for Chris'pher, Cass, so I'se comed—mighty peart I'se been too.'"

Christopher heard nothing after the first sentence, "De cap'an, he done kill Massa Snyder." He took the horse the girl had ridden; usually he was not a rapid rider, but he had been in Indian fights and flights, and he could ride if he wished. The girl herself had not been more reckless. In an hour he was in sight of Judge Sneed's long, low house. Just before he reached it he met the sheriff. He said Christopher was wanted on the jury which was to meet at one o'clock to examine into the death of Snyder.

"Sorry to see you this morning, Christopher," said the judge, a man with a grave, handsome face, and one of those gigantic figures only found in the bracing atmosphere of the prairies, or the wild freedom of the woods. "Very sorry indeed for you. Will you go in and speak to the prisoner?"

"Thank you, judge. I would like that."

Robert Moray leaned against the wall of the apartment. His hands were fastened by a strip of raw hide, and his pistols had been taken from him. His face was white and stern, and his eyes strangely fierce and luminous. Snyder's body lay upon the table, covered with a rough blanket, and he seemed to compel himself to look at it. From an adjoining room came the sound of a woman weeping, and it evidently pained Robert extremely.

"Christopher!" he said, "I'm very sorry—sorry for you and Inez."

"Oh, the sin of it, Robert! Oh, the sin of it!"

"I had to defend myself, or he would have shot me. We had even chances, I won, that's all about it."

"But what a victory! Oh, what a victory!"

"Don't fret, Christopher, it hurts me; and tell Inez to stop sobbing and come here. She is in the next room."

Christopher did as he was requested, and then went outside. The neighbours were gathering very slowly. The call had not been one which they liked to answer. No one cared to offend either the friends of Captain Moray or the wild, reckless companions of Bud Snyder. Christopher sat a little apart from the gathering company, and

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WAITING FOR THE VERDICT.

if any of them had been keen observers they might have noticed a remarkable change in his face. Its calm, gentle expression had given place to a wary, resolute look, which almost dignified the plain small figure and countenance. He was tempted to excuse his son by every plea. After all, was not the blood of "the wild Morays"—Highlanders who had for centuries taken their own from every man's land—in his veins? Some allowance he must make for the lad's inherited tendencies, and, had Christopher known it, he himself was in danger of becoming at that hour as like his ancestor, "the red Lord Angus," as one man can be to another. The restraints of a civilised education, even the long bondage of the Old Man of Sin to faith and prayer, gave way before the overwhelming agitation of a father's love.

By two o'clock the twelve men had dropped in by twos and threes. As they entered they nodded to the judge and then helped themselves to the liquors and cigars provided. Now and then they spoke in monosyllables, and their composure and gravity, and utter absence of hurry, gave a kind of dignity to the proceedings which made up for any lack of ceremony.

It was Christopher's desire to prevent Robert being sent to San Antonio for trial. Here, on the frontier, where he was known and loved, and where every one had at some time been obliged to him, he was sure of whatever favour could be given.

Judge Sneed opened the case by remarking, "Gentlemen, I have summoned you to consider the murder of our fellow-citizen Snyder, who was killed early this morning by Captain Moray."

The doctor answered the remark: "Judge, I think we may say, 'who was justifiably homicided this morning by Captain Moray;' and if the captain is to be tried for that, as a crime, why, then his affairs will keep the county busy for a year or two."

Christopher saw the drift of the defence at once, and in his slow cautious way rose and said, "The doctor is right. The captain has justifiably homicided more Indians than we can count at present, and a man of Snyder's opinions about his neighbour's cattle is as bad as an Indian."

"Indians are Indians," remarked another citizen, "and no one blames a man for wiping out an Indian; but a Christian is a different thing."

"I think any Apache that ever flew an arrow is as good a Christian as Snyder was," said the doctor, warmly; "I don't believe he knew when Sunday came."

"Likely not," replied an old ranger, with his mouth full of tobacco. "How should he? We have no Sunday meeting-houses on these prairies."

"And ef we wanted 'em we'd have 'em, you bet on that. The God of these prairies can't be put inside of four walls."

"Gentlemen," said Christopher, "if stabbing a man on the ground of not being a good Christian



were lawful, we should all be in danger of the knife. In judging Robert Moray we must remember how persistently Snyder has provoked this result, and how many useless concessions have been made to secure peace."

Then, with that clear logical acumen which is the birthright of his race, he went over the relations of the two men as he himself had known them.

Meantime a very different solution of the difficulty was going on inside the cabin. After Christopher had left Inez and Robert together, the latter gave his young wife much prudent advice about business, and then said,

"Inez, my knife is in my left boot; take it out, darling, and cut the thong round my wrist."

She drew out the long bloody knife with a perceptible shudder, and did as he directed. Then Robert folded her one moment to his heart, and the next he was among the men who were debating his fate on the verandah. He gave them one steady comprehensive glance, walked to the pile of stacked rifles and selected his own, and then untied his horse and mounted him.

"Gentlemen," he said, courteously raising his hat, "when you have tried my case let me know your verdict."

No one stopped him, some even looked approvingly at him, all declined tacitly to take the responsibility—and the danger—of interfering with Captain Moray. As he passed out of reach even of a rifle, they began to excuse themselves by excusing him.

"What is the use of upping a good man for a bad one?" asked a large cattle-raiser, whose stock had frequently been "brought back" by Robert.

"Captain Nap has saved the frontier nigh on to fourteen years."

"He's a bit top-lofty, but he's a sight better than Indians."

"I vote 'justifiable homicide.'"

"And I."

"And I."

"The captain brought home one hundred head of horses of mine from the Comanche thief, Cochies, on his very last scout."

"And, according to Christopher, his account with Bud Snyder had run 'bout long enough."

"Snyder was a scant pattern of a man, anyway."

"And the captain has backbone for two men his size. 'Justifiable,' I say."

"And he's that used to emptying Indian saddles, you can't wonder ef he scores a bad white man easy. 'Justifiable,' I say."

Christopher sat down sick and weary. He was still weak, and the anguish and anxiety were more than he could bear. The discussion was thoroughly broken up by his falling senseless upon his face. A warm and ready sympathy was elicited. "He was that fond of the captain," said Judge Sneed, "but I never thought it would have tripped him up this way. Poor old Christopher!"

They waited until the doctor said he was "all right again," and then in little companies they cattered over the prairie. At sunset Christopher went slowly home. He borrowed a gentle pony, and would let no one accompany him. He could hardly have believed two years ago that anything could again have made him so wretched. He had planned and struggled to keep Robert at home and near him, and his plans had come to worse than nought. The best thing, the only thing, for Robert now was to join some regiment, and go away from the neighbourhood awhile.

He sat down by his hearth-log, and was too ill and wretched to light his pipe. With his head in his hands, he kept murmuring little broken prayers and pitiful confessions of his own weakness, till at last a soft rain of tears, almost childlike in their helpless trouble, soothed the loving and sorrowful old man.



NO ONE STOPPED HIM.



## THE LATE DR. MOFFAT.



*Robert Moffat*

*From a Photograph by Elliot and Fry*

THE many-sided work of the great pioneer British missionaries will perhaps be better understood by the generations to come than it can be by their countrymen of to-day. Some idea of the versatility of faculty, skill, and labour which has been brought to bear upon missionary work in foreign lands has been happily brought within general reach by two books, which have become classics in our literature. Williams's "Narrative of Missionary Enterprises in the South Sea Islands," and Moffat's "Missionary Scenes and Labours in South Africa," have long since found their way to the homes and hearts of English-speaking peoples throughout the globe. For strangeness of incident and adventure these wonderful records may vie with the works of

Defoe or Jules Verne, whilst they have the added charm of telling truths far stranger than any fiction. Even to-day the reader feels that the heroism and manifold resources of the chief personages in those memorable stories grow upon him as he reads. The transformation of the native character by directly evangelical means occupies the first place in the pages of Moffat and Williams, and everywhere appears as the great motive power of their lives. But the underlying picture of the Christian missionary as the greatest of civilisers, involuntary as it may be, is in truth inseparable from the portrait. It is perhaps the distinguishing honour of British Protestant missionaries to have exemplified the joint character of the civiliser and the Evangelist, and to have intro-

duced to barbarous and cruel races with unexampled success the arts of peace and industry with the more abiding blessings of Christianity.

The late Dr. Moffat may well be taken as an example of the typical missionary to uncivilised peoples. His method of work necessarily differed in some respects from that of Carey, Martyn, and other evangelical labourers amongst old and corrupt forms of civilisation. He taught the Bechuana and Hottentot tribes among whom he sojourned all the simpler and more useful arts of civilisation. It has been truly said that of the toils and dangers of South African travel, which is, off a few main roads, toilsome and dangerous enough even now, and was far more so then, he had probably a larger share than any other living man. Beginning his career so early as he did in the present century, his character and work have had a powerful influence upon the conception of missionary work among semi-barbarous tribes.

Now that the national interest in his richly-storied and heroic life has been rekindled by his death, it will be useful to recall some of the extraordinary qualities and achievements which have placed him in the front rank of British worthies as well as of British missionaries.

Moffat's early life has often been described, but a brief outline of it may well introduce a notice of his missionary work.

Robert Moffat was born at East Lothian, on the 21st of December, 1795. His earliest years were spent at Carron Shore, near the Carron Ironworks, where his father held an appointment in the Customs. He first tried the sea, but soon was apprenticed to a gardener. His father removed to Inverkeithing, and the lad was employed in the gardens of Lord Moray. In 1813 he came to England and found employment as a gardener with the family then living at High Leigh, some eight miles from Warrington. A year or so after coming to High Leigh he saw in Warrington a placard referring to a missionary meeting which had been held some three weeks before. This recalled his mother's talk about missions, and led to the resolve to devote himself to Christian work in heathen lands. Having left High Leigh he was received into a missionary college at Manchester, under Dr. Roby, working part of the day with his future father-in-law, who had nursery gardens in the neighbourhood. From Manchester he went to the missionary college at Gosport, and, in 1816, he and John Williams, the "Martyr of Erromanga," were set apart for mission work.

Those who imagine that a missionary's life is always one of comfortable maintenance may be interested to know Moffat's position at this period. On arriving at Cape Town he ascertained for the first time the amount which was apportioned to him in the shape of salary and allowance. The scale, which he rightly describes as "very scanty," appears to have been fixed by the late Dr. Vanderkemp and some of his colleagues. It was, "For a single missionary, £18 7s.; for a wife, £5 5s.; for building a house, £6 3s.; and, when we started, one year's salary in advance." Altogether it was much less than he would have got as a skilled gardener in England.

Dr. Moffat's further career has now become a part of the annals of South Africa. His arrival in Cape Town, the delay of eight months, during which he employed his time in learning the Dutch language, his famous visit to Africaner's kraal on the Orange River, and his subsequent commission to Bechuanaland, where he settled with Mrs. Moffat, establishing a mission-station at Kuruman, and the great work he was able to accomplish there, have been admirably described by himself. Perhaps his greatest achievement was the translation of the whole of the Scriptures into the Bechuana language, which had never before been reduced to writing. Before taking his final leave of Africa in 1870 he was privileged to see a great revolution in the character of the savage people amongst whom he had worked amid prolonged and incredible discouragement. He not only established a flourishing Christian church at Kuruman; he preached and taught in important native settlements within a hundred and fifty miles radius, and prepared the way for the establishment of mission-stations in which the Baptist, Wesleyan, and Church Missionary Societies are now advancing.

In order to understand the nature and extent of the work accomplished by Dr. Moffat in Bechuanaland, the character of the natives as described by himself should be borne in mind. These members of the great Bantu family of Africa were by no means the simple, gentle, unsophisticated savages so dear to the mind of Rousseau and other advocates of man in a state of nature. "That the Bechuanas were less ferocious than some tribes," Dr. Moffat writes, "we admit; but this is saying little in commendation of those who could with impunity rob, murder, lie, and exchange wives. No matter how disgraceful the action might be, or what deceit, prevarication, duplicity, and oaths were required to support it, success made them perfectly happy in a practice in which most of them were adepts." It has sometimes perfectly astounded him, he declared, "to see how individuals, who he had supposed were amiable and humane, when brought into certain positions would, as if in their native element, wallow in crimes which he expected they would naturally shudder to perpetrate."

Such was a general outline of the character of the people to whom Moffat was to devote himself—amidst incredible toils, hardships, and dangers—for fifty years. In the vast and apparently limitless country which spread before the young Scotch missionary on his first visit to the Orange River he became profoundly impressed with the evils of a nomadic life, as exemplified in the condition of the Bushmen and Namanquas. The very way in which he found the Bechuana Bushmen passing their days in a hard and almost unremitting struggle for a bare existence is piteous to look back upon. Among the less nomadic tribes the same disadvantages are powerfully brought before us. The entire absence of agricultural knowledge and handicraft is described with many graphic touches. The obstacles to improvement which are ever present in a people whose chief occupations are war and hunting pressed heavily

on his mind. "Hunger and ignorance," he was accustomed to say, "have been in all ages the great brutalisers of the human race;" and this saying probably affords a key to one department of his work in South Africa—his persistent attempt to improve the temporal condition of the people. "A nomad, and especially a hunting life," he writes, "is a fearfully circuitous road, either to civilisation or the soul's salvation, and particularly the latter." Selecting one class as an example, he says: "Elephant hunters amongst the natives invariably retrograde in everything that is good. I have watched the influence of this occupation for many years, and could heartily wish that the elephant, that noble animal, existed nowhere but in the menagerie or under the care of the mahout."

As a means to his great end he set the example of regular industry and the practice of regular labour and handicraft. He had to begin with the most elementary lessons of civilisation. His tools and materials were often of the rudest character. He tells us in his own artless and often humorous manner how he was often reduced to become his own carpenter and his own smith. At Africaner's kraal the sudden collapse of his waggon, which the natives looked upon as a supernatural being, is one of many occasions on which he displayed his ready resource and inventiveness. Contemplating the broken axletree, he writes: "After ruminating for a day or two on what I had seen in smiths' shops in Cape Town, I resolved on making a trial. I got a native bellows made of goat's-skin, to the neck end of which was attached the horn of an elk; at the other end two parallel sticks were fastened, which were opened by the hand in drawing it back and closed when pressed forward, but making a puffing like some broken-winded animal. After a good perspiration the iron was only red-hot, and I found I must give it up as a bad job. I sat my brains again to work to try and improve on the bellows, for it was wind I wanted. Though I had never welded a bit of iron in my life, there was nothing like a 'try!'" The result of the second effort was satisfactory. With a blue granite stone for an anvil, a clumsy pair of tongs, and a hammer never intended for the work of a forge, success crowned the amateur smith's efforts, to the no small delight of the dark-skinned spectators, and the axle was repaired and the waggon put in travelling condition. The occasion was an eventful one, and was often referred to by Dr. Moffat in his later years as having fairly opened his eyes to the variety of the demands which mission work in such a country would make upon him.

His appreciation of good tools and his remembrance of his many exigencies in this respect in his earlier years are thus expressed in a letter from Kuruman in August, 1861, to the directors of the London Missionary Society: "The tools I see are of a first-rate description, and the most-useful that have been sent out. In a country like this the missionary finds it necessary to turn his hand to the anvil, the carpenter's bench, to turn tinker and cobbler, and everything that comes in his way; and happy is he who has a few suitable tools.

The day is gone by when I have been obliged to turn to make tools before I could work. I remember well when visiting some shops at Sheffield I stared with amazement to see tools turned off like magic which cost me hours of hard labour."

The Bechuanas, as Dr. Moffat was careful to point out with his usual sense of justice, were by no means among the lowest of uncivilised races. To some extent they had the use of metals. But the community was largely nomadic, and regular industry was despised. In the work of agriculture and building which he so assiduously followed at the Kuruman mission station, he describes himself as employed at manual and menial labour the whole day, "working under a burning sun, standing in the saw-pit, labouring at the anvil, or treading clay." It is only incidentally that such glimpses are offered of the course which Moffat pursued for many thankless and weary years, the butt of the people for whom he was devoting his life. Enough, however, transpires to show the almost incredible resource and cheeriness of spirit which he brought to bear upon his work. Mere temporal reverses and difficulties, sometimes of a grave kind, he would meet not only with equanimity but often with bantering humour. In one year he was slaving for months to carry a water ditch several miles in length from the Kuruman River into the kitchen-garden of the humble mission-house. The site of the station was a light sandy soil, where no vegetables would grow without irrigation. The aqueduct constructed with such enormous labour passed in its course through the gardens of the natives. Artificial irrigation was to them entirely unknown, and fountains and streams had been suffered to run to waste, even where crops of native grain which support amazing drought are seldom very abundant, owing to the infrequency of the rainfall. The natives saw the effect of irrigation upon the mission-house garden, and did not scruple to divert the stream in order that it might flood theirs. The result was that Mr. Hamilton and Mr. Moffat were daily compelled to go alternately three miles with a spade about three o'clock in the afternoon—the hottest time of the day—and restore the water-way, so that they might have a little moisture to refresh their burnt-up vegetables during the night. Thus after working hard all day they were obliged to irrigate during the precious hours which were devoted to sleep. Even then the natives stole the crops which had been so raised with such difficulty, and after a year's toil the missionary and his household scarcely reaped anything to reward them for their labour.

At a later period, when the people had become truly evangelised, irrigation and even the preparation of the soil were intelligently adopted in the Kuruman district. Writing in the year 1864, Dr. Moffat records the progress made. He tells us: "The views of the natives have undergone a material change upon many points of importance, and among others as to the cultivation of their fields and gardens. When they first saw us employ people to convey the contents of our cattle-folds to our gardens, the act was, in their judgment, too ludicrous to admit of reflection; they

laughed boisterously, supposing it to be one of our foolish customs, in order to 'charm the ground,' as they were wont to do to their own gardens (their own custom was to chew a certain root and spit on the leaves, to make the plant more fruitful). Thus from time immemorial millions of heaps of manure were turned to no useful account. It was very long before they were convinced, but at last they discovered that manured gardens not only did not 'get old,' but could be made very young again. To-day, therefore, the veriest heathen among them may be seen carrying manure on their backs, or on the backs of their oxen, to the garden ground. Lately one of them remarked to me on this subject: 'I cannot persuade myself that we were once so stupid as not to believe what we saw with our own eyes.' Writing at a later period with regard to ploughs, Dr. Moffat says: "When I went out there was but one plough in the country, now there are thousands. The same may be said of waggons. It was formerly women's work to plough, but now the men have been induced to take that work upon themselves."

Instances of Dr. Moffat's attainments as a true "captain of industry" would fill a volume. The difficulty of raising a high roof on a newly-built chapel in a country where there were neither blocks nor tackle for the purpose is perhaps only known to those who have tried it. At New Lat-takoo Dr. Moffat and his helpers found it an herculean and dangerous task. Few would trust themselves on naked walls whilst engaged in the work. The feat, however, was successfully achieved. Whilst it was proceeding, the natives often remarked that the missionaries must have been brought up in the baboon country, and so have become accustomed to precipices and walls.

The natural resources of the country and their capacity for development did not escape Dr. Moffat's observation even during journeys of the most hazardous kind. Even when famine or death by wild beasts stared him in the face his trained eye was involuntarily noting the plants, the minerals, and the geological structure of the tract through which he was passing. He remarks the meteorology as affected locally by mountains and other causes, a problem subsequently worked out in detail by his son-in-law, Dr. Livingstone; and he is struck with the extent to which the climate must have been affected by the natives' reckless habit of destroying the forests. It must be remembered that fifty years ago the climatic effect of disforestation a country was by no means the familiar topic it has since become, and Dr. Moffat's observations are among the very earliest made by modern travellers. He says the whole country north of the Orange River and east of the Kalahari Desert presented to the eye of a European something like an old neglected garden or field, and the explanation was not far to seek. "The Bechuanas," he says, "and especially the Batlapis and the neighbouring tribes, are a nation of levellers, not reducing hills to comparative plains for the sake of building their towns, but cutting down every species of timber without regard to scenery or economy." Thus, of whole

forests, where the giraffe and elephant were wont to seek their daily food, nothing remains. To this system of extermination may be attributed the long succession of dry seasons. "Missionary Scenes and Labours" shows how persistently the author laboured to teach the natives the necessity of preserving the forest.

Dr. Moffat's early practice in his native country as a gardener and botanist proved of admirable service in South Africa, where he took every occasion of applying it and enlarging his knowledge. Many of his interesting geological observations were doubtless due to his early habit of noting soils and their constituents. The traveller in South Africa to-day finds it interesting and instructive to compare Dr. Moffat's earlier notes on the rocks of the country with those of later and more official investigators. Travelling in his route they are struck in Namaqualand as he was with the old volcanic dykes, which have forced themselves up to the surface at a later period than the schistose rocks which figure so frequently in his pages. At Griquatown, beyond the plateau (now a diamond-field), the visitor with an eye for rock scenery will recognise the long parallel range of jaspideous rocks cropping out, and presenting the wonderful group of yellow, brown, chocolate, and red jaspers, with magnetic and other ironstone, and beautiful seams of the blue and yellow mineral known as crocidolite. The blue asbestos at Gamperi was duly noted by Dr. Moffat, and it was fortunate for him as a traveller on several occasions when taking the compass bearings that he knew the magnetic character of the schistose rocks, on the top of which, as he found, the compass moves at random. He was constantly noticing the way in which the rocks decompose at the surface, and become fitted more or less to support vegetation; and long after he had left Africa he took a keen interest in the progress of the geological survey by the accredited officers from Cape Colony.

It is easy to see how such observations, added to agricultural knowledge acquired in his earlier years, increased Dr. Moffat's means of usefulness to his African protégés. He introduced into suitable soils, and on levels available for irrigation, both grain and fruit, among the former being wheat, barley, peas, potatoes, carrots, and onions. The improvement in the implements was quite as marked. Instead of the primitive pick used by the women, the plough was introduced and driven by the men. Harrows, spades, and mattocks followed. "The man who before would have disdained to be seen in such occupations with the old tools, was now thankful to have it in his power to buy a spade. In their appreciation of irrigation several of the natives set to work one day in good earnest, and in their enthusiasm cut courses leading directly up hill, hoping the water would one day follow."

Happily there came a time when affairs at the Kuruman mission-station improved, and the strain of labouring year after year to make the place yield sufficient supplies of food for himself and his family could be relaxed. He was at length able to proceed to his great work of acquiring the



Bechuana language. To achieve this object Dr. Moffat spared himself none of the drudgery and self-sacrifice it involved. It required among other measures the temporary abandonment of his own home for some three months, during which he tells us he lived a semi-savage life among heathen dance and song and immeasurable heaps of dirt and filth. In short, this is doubtless one of the experiences which made him remark to friends on his return to England that a missionary to people in the condition of the Bechuanas needed a strong stomach in addition to a warm heart. He, however, succeeded in his object, and was the first to reduce the language of the Bechuanas to a written form. The task of reducing a vernacular to its elements and then presenting it in a synthetic and grammatical form was not one for which Dr. Moffat had been equipped when he left England, but he accomplished it, even under the greatest disadvantages. No wonder that after the further task of translating the Bible into the Bechuana language he complained that he felt as if he shattered his brain. In the interval he went to Cape Town and learned the art of printing. Returning to the mission-station with type and a printing-press, he produced catechism and spelling-books for the schools. He gratefully acknowledges the help he received from the British and Foreign Bible Society during this period.

Much might be added in illustration of Dr. Moffat's extreme versatility in acquiring every industry or art which the exigencies of the place might demand of him. His treatment of the bodily ailments of the natives who came to him was almost prophetic of the medical missionaries, of whom so much has happily been heard in later days. Enough, perhaps, has been said to indicate the manifold resource and adaptiveness which helped to establish the memorable mission to Bechuanaland.

The question of the bearing of civilisation in such circumstances upon the work of evangelisation is a weighty one, and the testimony of such a veteran missionary as Dr. Moffat would not fail to be of the greatest value. It is one, also, on which he has spoken with no uncertain sound, for the facts were pressed upon him at an early period of his work among the Bechuanas. After twenty-six years of missionary work he writes: "Much has been said about civilising savages before attempting to evangelise them. This is a theory which has obtained an extensive prevalence among the wise men of this world, but we have never yet seen a practical demonstration of its truth. We ourselves are convinced that evangelisation must precede civilisation. It is very easy in a country of high refinement to speculate on what might be done among rude and savage men, but the Christian missionary, the only experimentalist, has invariably found that to make the fruit good the tree must first be made good. Nothing less than the power of Divine grace can reform the hearts of savages, after which the mind is susceptible of those instructions which teach them to adore the Gospel they profess."

Dr. Moffat here spoke from practical and dearly-bought experience, and his narrative, to

which we have so often referred, supplies an ample explanation of the verdict so explicitly given. It is true that he was for many years occupied in maintaining those civil and social relationships with the Bechuanas that were the base of the spiritual campaign which was the sole object of his presence, and during this period he sought to exemplify in all outward things the blessing of a Christianised civilisation. "It would appear a strange anomaly," he said, "to see a Christian professor lying at full length on the ground covered with filth and dirt, and in a state of comparative nudity, talking about Christian diligence, circumcision, purification, and white robes." Moffat accordingly did his best for civilisation as a matter of course, and always made light of it so far as personal toil was concerned. It is, moreover, a significant commentary on his view of civilisation that none of its blessings were really appropriated by the natives until after their evangelisation. Then all the past work which had cost him so much became as it were fertilised at once. Their habitations, their dress, and all the external hindrances of better habits of life, were reformed, the outward means having been brought within their reach through years of the missionary's devoted labours. Dr. Moffat's views of the first principles to be held by all missionaries to uncivilised peoples, as given in the sixteenth chapter of his well-known work, have to-day lost none of their high and almost unique value.

The question may be asked, What is the condition of the Kuruman district after these laborious years of Christian teaching and civilising influence? It has been well answered during the present year by one of Dr. Moffat's fellow-workers, the Rev. J. Mackenzie.

"There are at present," Mr. Mackenzie says,\* "over four hundred church members on the roll of the Kuruman Church, representing the 'inner circle' of the Christian community, and consisting of those who are believed to be Christians, not in name merely, but in deed and in truth. Then we have those who, for various reasons or excuses, do not come forward as church members, and those who, although they have given up their belief in heathen practices, have not attained to the purity of life required in the Christian Church. In every village there is a village church, which is used also as a school. The services of some Christian man as schoolmaster are given gratis in the majority of cases as a Christian duty. The people in South Bechuanaland have ceased to live in the large native town, as they found that their farms needed their constant care. The numerous fountains which are found throughout the country have been laid out for the purpose of irrigation; and agriculture and stock-farming have been engaged in largely by the people. To illustrate the condition of the people, it may be mentioned that during the week of prayer at the commencement of the present year there were some eighty waggons at Kuruman, which had

\* "Sunday at Home," July, 1883, "Bechuanaland and the Bechuana Tribes," with pictures of the Moffat Institution at Kuruman, and the Kuruman Chapel.

brought their owners and their families to the services. The large church was not nearly capable of holding those who came, the overflowing congregations having to be assembled elsewhere. On an average, each waggon would cost £120; and it would be pulled by a 'span' or team of, say, ten oxen, each of which would cost some £4. Thus, at a moderate estimate, over £12,000 were represented by the travelling appliances of the Bechuana people who attended the devotional meetings at Kuruman at the commencement of the present year. A great deal of what they possess has been earned by hard work, the rest represents inherited wealth.

What is true of Kuruman district is true to some extent of all parts of Bechuanaland."

Dr. Moffat returned to England in 1871. On attaining his eightieth year he received a deputation from the Congregational ministers of London, congratulating him on having been spared to reach that advanced age; he then declared that had he a thousand lives he would willingly live them all again in mission work among the heathen. Of late years he resided at Leigh, in Kent. He died there on the 16th August, in his eighty-eighth year, and was buried at Norwood Cemetery, in the presence of a very large concourse of mourners.

## RAILWAY SERVANTS.

### II.

**O**VERWORK is no doubt the cause of most railway accidents. From the very birth of the service the companies have overworked their servants, and the results have been disastrous to passengers, and still more so to railway men.

The gigantic enterprises which followed upon the first proof of the success of Stephenson's invention, and the great outlay of capital thus demanded, necessitated the formation of corporate monopolies, with ramifications as vast in some instances as a department of State, and for that reason far too large for individual creation or individual control. Such undertakings, owing to the complicated nature of their constitution, are ever liable to mismanagement. This soon proved the case in the working of the newly-formed railway companies. One of the first evils which crept in was the practice of overworking the men. The constantly increasing traffic was not met by corresponding appliance and supply on the part of directors and managers, who sought rather to carry it on with insufficient accommodation, rolling stock, and official staff. From 1866 to 1871 the increased business of railway companies proved out of all proportion to the accommodation provided, and this led to frequent delays, serious accidents, and excessive overwork of the men. Little or no regard was paid to the rights of the railway servants to rest and recreation. The one thing insisted upon was that, at whatever cost in health or comfort to the workmen, the traffic must be accelerated to the utmost, and this at the least possible outlay. At this period railway employment may be well described as a system of white slavery. The oppression endured by the men, and the sense of degradation to which this treatment gave rise, culminated in the gravest dissatisfaction that has ever marked the relations of railway companies and their servants. So far back as 1865 the men evinced symptoms of rebellion against the injustice of their employers; they held numerous meetings, in which they discussed their grievances, and in 1871 all classes of railway men sent

memorials to their directors asking for concessions.

A controversy, that took place in 1870, between Mr. Bass, M.P. for Derby, and Mr. Price, the then Chairman of the Midland Company, having special reference to the hours of duty of enginemen and others on that line, called public attention to the oppressive conditions of railway employment. The press, too, espoused the cause of the men, while the public at large were awakened to a sense of indignation on learning that the ordinary conditions of work were opposed alike to public safety and to the morality and health of railway men. Encouraged by the action of the press, the men began to form themselves into associations in various parts of the country, and during 1871-72 agitations were carried on which led to very favourable results for the agitators. Concession after concession was made. The hours of enginemen and firemen were on some lines reduced from twelve to ten per day; on other lines their wages were increased, regular promotion practised, a payment for Sunday and overtime awarded. Passenger guards received an increase of wages from one to four shillings per week, together with more moderate hours of duty. Goods guards on many chief lines obtained sixty hours in lieu of eighty-four hours as the limit of the regular week's work, their rates of wages were increased, and they received just payment for overtime, while Sunday ceased to be counted a part of the ordinary week. Signalmen came in for great concessions with respect to wages, hours of duty, and Sunday work. Shunters were more considerably treated in the re-arrangement of their terms of hiring; while carmen, platelayers, and in fact every grade, gained some advantage from the agitation. Sunday duty ceased with most men to be a part of the regular week's duty, and more regard was paid by the companies to the right of railway men to share in the day of rest. Weekly payments were substituted for fortnightly ones. More clothing was given, engine-drivers

and others exposed to the weather being supplied with the protection of great-coats for the first time. Holidays, varying from three to six days per annum, were promised to the traffic men as a right. Greater courtesy and regard were shown to all classes of railway servants, and the improvement of their position was manifested in a variety of ways. In short, railway men were convinced that great truth lay in the advice given to them by a well-known philanthropist, namely, that in "patient remonstrance and deputations" lay their remedy for overwork.

The solid benefits thus obtained by railway servants, both as regards wages and time, were continued until the year 1876. From that year things have gone on badly again. The depressed state of trade in 1878-79 led the companies to fear a decrease of traffic, and consequently to lower the rate of payment for their servants. In many cases the agreements of 1872-74 were torn up, wages reduced, and guards, engine-drivers, signalmen, and others sacrificed in order to economise during bad times. Meetings were held by the railway men to protest against this treatment, and deputations waited upon the directors to seek modifications of the new rules. The companies, however, in the main held to their expressed determination, and down to 1880 nearly all efforts on the part of the men to obtain relief proved futile.

On the 18th of May, 1880, a public demonstration, attended by 5,000 railway men, was held in Exeter Hall for the object of promoting the nine hours movement. This movement seeks to obtain for railway servants a concession that is now made by the companies to their factory and other workmen, namely, a reduction of working hours to nine per day, and the week's work to fifty-four hours. Railway companies, as a rule, respect the custom in so far as mechanics are affected, and the object of the movement is to extend the privilege to all railway workmen. Overtime, or time beyond nine hours in each twenty-four, it is allowed cannot always be avoided, and the exigencies of the service may prevent railway servants from sharing equally with artisans in the Saturday half-holiday, and the absolute freedom of Sunday from the tax of toil; but an increased strain on the energies of railway men should entitle them to an increased rate of wages, and this principle once conceded would operate against excessive overwork, inasmuch as it would be more expensive than regular work, and consequently less often imposed. Six days of work should constitute a week's work and entitle to a week's pay. Sunday duty should necessarily be overwork, and paid for as such; it would not then be needlessly entered upon, and thousands whose duties are now computed at seven days to the week might be set at liberty.

The exact object of the movement is as follows: To limit the duration of ordinary duty for railway men to nine hours per day, or fifty-four hours per week, and in case of signalmen and shunters, to eight hours per day, or forty-eight hours per week. To obtain an adequate increasing rate of payment for overtime and duty in excess of the ordinary day's

duration of nine hours. To secure to every grade payment for Sunday duty as for extra duty, and thus to reduce the amount of toil on Sundays. To close goods-yards at 1.30 p.m. on Saturdays.

From the year 1880 down to the present time little real progress has been achieved by railway servants. The companies have dealt with the men sectionally or in grades when forced into action, but have justified increased hours by the worst examples of overwork prevailing, always arguing in parallels based on systems fraught with evil to railway men and danger to the public. And yet the railway companies are now experiencing unprecedented prosperity, traffic is largely increased, and their working expenses, including all miscellaneous outlay on account of steam-boats, harbours, canals, etc., average, at the present time, about fifty-two per cent. of their receipts.

The following are principally the divisions of railway servants in which complaint is made of overwork on week-days and loss of rest on Sundays. Nearly all the other divisions share the hours of the ordinary artisan, namely, nine hours' work per day, fifty-four hours' work per week, with the Saturday half-holiday, and the entire Sunday as a day of rest.

Class.	Hours of work per day.	Sundays off duty.	Annual Holiday.
Signalmen . . . } Pointsmen . . . } Switchmen . . . } Gatemmen . . . }	8 10 12 (90 per cent 12)		
Enginemen . . . } Firemen . . . }	10 12 15 often increased to 15 16 18		
Passenger head guards . . . } Passenger under guards . . . } Goods guards . . . } Brakemen . . . }	11 13	Occasionally	
Yard foremen . . . } Shunters . . . }	10 12		
Carmen . . . }	13 (average)	Usually	
Platelayers . . . } Gangers . . . }	10 10½	Always except for emergencies	
Passenger station- men, including— Inspectors . . . } Foreman porters . . . } Parcel porters . . . } Platform porters . . . }	10 10½		
Goods stationmen, including— Inspectors . . . } Shippers . . . } Checkers . . . } Callers-off . . . } Loaders . . . } Porters . . . }	10½ 11	Occasionally	

Two or three days in the year.

The hours of work, together with Sunday duty for the above classes of men, vary greatly upon the different lines; so, too, do the hours of men in different grades upon the same line. Thus, for instance, the measure of an engineman's ordinary day's work on the Midland and Brighton lines is ten hours, but on the North British, the Manchester, the Sheffield and Lincoln, and the Taff Vale railways, the same class of workmen are re-



quired to devote twelve hours for an ordinary day's pay. Signalmen are in most places made to work twelve hours per day; passenger guards eleven or twelve hours per day; shunters thirteen hours per day. The engine-driver of a Sunday train receives additional remuneration for his work; but the guard of the same train is unrewarded, because it is assumed that his week's wages cover seven days of labour. The platelayer who on Sunday relieves a signalman receives extra pay, but when the signalman performs Sunday duty it is assumed to be paid in his regular wages.

Notwithstanding these differences the above is a proximate table of hours, and may be taken as a fair average of the work performed and the Sunday duty carried on by railway servants throughout the United Kingdom.

The evil consequences resulting from the systematic overwork of railway men may be summarised as follows: increased mortality and ill-health from alleged natural causes, overwork being without doubt productive of premature death and premature old age; loss of regular rest and necessary recreation; non-participation in home life and consequent non-fulfilment of the functions of heads of families; loss, wholly or in part, of the rest and privileges of Sunday; demoralisation, the outcome of physical fatigue and exhausted energies. Systematic overwork, it will be allowed, is not compatible with continued and careful attention to difficult and important duties. It produces listlessness, and this adds to the risk of accidents happening to both railway servants and passengers; for excessive periods of labour cause men to fall asleep at their posts, and force them to neglect the careful attention and continued watchfulness necessary in order to ensure the safety of their own lives and the lives of the public. It cannot, therefore, be doubted that many of the casualties on the line are indirectly caused by the demoralisation produced among railway men from excessive toil or want of rest. A man who works sixteen hours daily, as a carman on the London and South Western Railway is called upon to do, when the strain is over returns to his family too tired to take interest in home matters, too cross to attend to wife and children, only fit to drone over the fire or to creep worn-out to bed—again, after a few hours of sleep, to be roused, half rested, with aching body, heavy limbs, and jaded spirit, for the renewed performance of a round of monotonous toil. Such a man, living a mile distant from his place of employment, is roused at five o'clock in the morning, and reaches his work by six o'clock. He returns at ten o'clock in the evening, and if he goes straight to bed obtains six hours of sleep.

How can the habitation of that man be called a "home"?

Excessive hours of labour act as a cankerworm to destroy the brightest and purest part of life for thousands of railway men, since the word "home," unless it signifies a place where people are happy and peaceful, means nothing at all. How can men who are utterly spent be otherwise than morose in manner and taciturn in spirit towards their families; burdens to their wives, who, from

the want of imagination that characterises women in their rank of life, often fail to sympathise with their worn-out husbands; and nightmares to their children, who only know their fathers as beings who sit over the fire, or lie on the bed, stupefied with sleep?

With regard to Sunday labour, if entire cessation be not practicable, it is much to be deplored that the system of Sunday traffic is being gradually increased throughout the country, and that the number of goods and excursion trains now run upon Sunday is much larger than in former years. First and second class passengers do not travel to any great extent upon Sunday. Third-class passengers, who now travel about altogether much more than they did formerly, crowd the line. Public opinion, it is said, can influence the lower classes to remain at home upon the first day of the week, and thus, by decreasing the number of Sunday trains, increase the opportunities of rest for railway men. The subject of Sunday passenger trains, however, is replete with difficulties, and there are many who think that the men have the right on their side when they assert that the whole question is one of DEGREE of traffic, and that SUNDAY GOODS TRAFFIC is the great grievance of railway servants, and the evil which managers and directors ought to minimise, if not entirely remove.

Human beings are so constituted that they need a weekly day of rest from both bodily and mental labour. This was strongly urged by Dr. Farre before a committee of the House of Commons, when he was called upon to give evidence in 1833 on the subject of the observance of Sunday. "I view Sunday," he said, "as a day of compensation for the inadequate restorative power of the body under continued labour and excitement. The ordinary exertions of man run down the circulation every day of his life, and the first general law of nature which prevents man from destroying himself is the alternating of day with night, that repose may succeed action; but although night apparently equalises the circulation well, yet it does not sufficiently restore its balance for the attainment of a long life; hence one day in seven is thrown in as a day of compensation, to perfect by its repose the animal system. If preservation of life be admitted to be a duty, and premature destruction of it a suicidal act, then I would point out that *continued* diurnal exertion in excitement is dangerous to man's animal system, and that relaxation from the ordinary cares of life during one day of the week is necessary in order to preserve the length of his life, and to ensure for him a vigorous old age."

Dr. Farre's opinion with regard to Sunday is corroborated by that of Mr. Gladstone, who says:—"From the long experience of a laborious life I have become most deeply impressed with the belief—to say nothing of a higher feeling—that the alternations of rest and labour, at the short intervals which are afforded by the merciful and blessed institution of Sunday, are a necessity for the retention of a man's mind and of a man's frame in a condition to discharge his duties, and it is desirable as much as possible to restrain

the exercise of labour upon the Sunday, and to secure to the people the enjoyment of the day of rest."

Also by that of the late Lord Beaconsfield, who says:—"Of all Divine institutions the most Divine is that which secures a day of rest for man. I hold it to be the most valuable blessing ever conceded to man. It is the corner-stone of civilisation."

Why should railway men be cut off from the privilege of Englishmen, namely, the national day of rest?

Their employment is more difficult, and involves a greater mental and physical strain than the work engaged in by the ordinary artisan. Why should it also be very much longer continued?

Many railway directors and managers do much to promote religious observances. It is not for me to determine how they reconcile their religious professions with their railway practice; although their assistance to churches and chapels appears to me more than neutralised by the compulsory and often unnecessary work imposed on drivers, firemen, signalmen, guards, porters, and others.

The demands of the public and the legitimate claims of the companies can be fully satisfied without the infliction of these evils on the numerous body who constitute the railway service. The experience of other employers and workmen places it beyond a question that, whether regarded from an economic, social, or physical standpoint, a reasonable limit to each day's labour is more advantageous than excessive periods of toil. To the workman it ensures proper rest and the oppor-

tunity and capacity to engage in profitable recreation, while on railways the interests of the employer and of the public will be best served by men properly rested, and capable of an abler and more attentive service than jaded, overworked servants can possibly give.

An existence made up alternately of excessive toil and irregular rest is not one suitable to rational beings, nor defensible in the age in which we live. Such, however, is largely the existence of thousands of railway servants to-day.

If public opinion could be brought to bear upon the companies, concessions would be speedily granted to railway workmen, concessions which their own unity and determination, although regulated by fairness and moderation, have been powerless to obtain. To the public, the customers of the railways, I commit their cause, knowing the more help that is given to railway servants the more the helpers will have cause to be "satisfied."

And to the men, my friends on the line who have taught me so many valuable lessons, through whom I have learnt to look upon life with more loving eyes, to believe, as I never believed before, in the goodness and truthfulness of my fellow-creatures, I say in the words of their favourite song,—

'They are heroes true, who do .  
Their duty to their fellow-men,  
And bravely fighting trouble through,  
Though conquered oft, march on again."

M. E. HARKNESS.

## A CORONATION ANNIVERSARY.

THE city of Gloucester is one of the most ancient in the kingdom. Its pleasant site—slightly rising ground on the east bank of the Severn, midway between the fertile vales of Berkeley and Evesham—was occupied by the huts of the Britons, who, making it one of their chief places, called it *Caer Glou*, or *Fair City*. The Romans adopted it as a centre of operations, gave it the name of *Glevum*, and raised it to high importance. Traces of their occupation are found in the remains of fortifications, temples, and villas. It found equal favour in the eyes of the Saxons, who made it the capital of their kingdom of *Mercia* and the residence of some of their kings. One of its suburbs continues to bear the Saxon name of *Kingsholm*. Here "glorious Athelstan," as Mr. Freeman designates great Alfred's favourite grandson, died in 941. Its importance was recognised by the Normans, and William the Conqueror held within its walls the Parliament in which *Domesday Book* had its origin. In the year 1216 it was the scene of another event of great national interest—the coronation of the child king, Henry III.

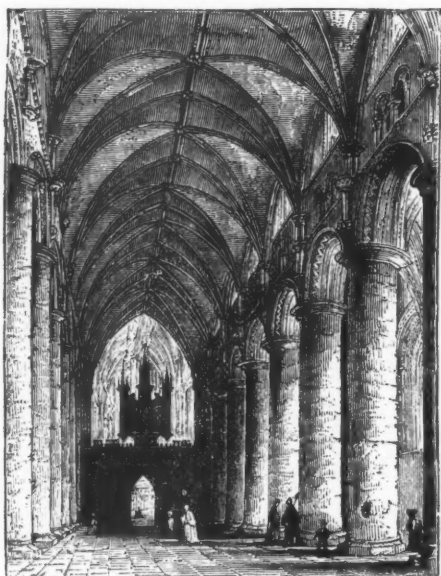
It was a critical time for England. The barons,

in their long-continued struggle with their unworthy King John, had unadvisedly sought the aid of Philip, King of France, offering the crown to Louis, the eldest son of that monarch, if he would come to their help. Louis and his army had arrived, and John, marching to give him battle, had suffered heavy loss in a rash attempt to cross the Wash, on his way from Lynn to Lincolnshire. Retiring to Newark, he was seized with fever, and death closed his inglorious reign on October 18th.

The land was unexpectedly kingless, and the vacant throne seemed suddenly open to the occupation of the French prince, a result for which even the barons themselves were not prepared. The Earl of Pembroke, Marshal of England, a wise statesman and a valiant soldier, who had steadily adhered to the king's standard, proved, however, equal to the emergency. He at once resolved upon proclaiming John's infant son Henry, then just nine years of age, as his successor. Hastily conveying the body of the deceased king to Worcester, and giving it burial in the cathedral, he then pursued his march to Gloucester, where he had determined the coronation should

take place. No time was to be lost, and the 28th day of the month was appointed for the important event.

It was the fast day of St. Simon and St. Jude. Brief as are the accounts which have come down to us, it is, nevertheless, not difficult to imagine the scene. The day may have dawned then as it sometimes dawns now in mid-autumn. The sun rising over the Cotswold Hills struggles with the heavy mists which wrap the old city in its folds and cover the long-stretching Severn vale. To the weather-wise there is no doubt as to the result—the sun will triumph, and triumph he does. The moist vapour is scattered; the skies become clear, if not blue; and warm beams brighten the earth and gladden the heart. The whole city is



NAVE OF GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL.

astir. Throngs of armed men, groups of excited citizens, scores of priests and monks, and swarms of noisy urchins, are filling the streets and crowding the precincts of the great cathedral church—St. Peter's. The vast building, chief of the many churches of the city, although not yet completed, is gradually attaining its glorious proportions and chaste beauties. Within its walls the ceremony takes place. The Earl of Pembroke, with grave look and resolute bearing, is a chief figure in the group of nobles and ecclesiastics who have gathered before the altar. The civic authorities are present. The Bishops of Winchester and Bath, perhaps hastily summoned for the occasion, take leading parts in the ceremony, while Gualo, the pope's legate, witnesses the proceedings. In the midst of this company of warriors and churchmen is the fatherless child. The jewelled crown,

which his royal sire had worn, has been lost with all the regalia in the wild tides of the Wash, and the bishops performing the principal act set a plain fillet of gold upon the infant's head, and thus crown him King of England. He in turn takes the solemn coronation oaths, and renders homage to the pope's representative. The stern barons bow the knee to their child king, and his reign as Henry III begins. Thus, as Robert of Gloucester, the rhyming chronicler, sings—

"Henry was King imad after is fader Jon,  
A Sein Simonidas day and Sein Jude at Gloucester anon."

It is not probable that the occasion was marked by any great celebrations, but it was, doubtless, hailed as a means of bringing peace, and especially of preserving the nation from a foreign yoke. To the clanging of bells and the sound of trumpets the glad shouts of the people would be added, and not a few prayers would ascend from hearts moved with tender consideration for the child thus invested with royal title and authority.

In a few days Pembroke marched with his royal charge to Bristol, where, in a council on November 11th, he was appointed guardian of the young monarch and protector of the kingdom. The results were satisfactory. The prudent earl succeeded in effecting a pacification of the barons, who not only had great confidence in his wisdom and integrity, but were glad, by this time, to escape from their entanglements with France. The disappointed French prince returned to his own country, and long-distracted England once more had rest.

Henry had scarcely entered his teens when death deprived him of the wise hand which had so well guided his course, and the nation began to verify Solomon's words, "Woe to thee, O land, when thy king is a child." The young monarch's character, after the death of Earl Pembroke, developed unfavourably. While gentle and amiable he was yet weak in judgment and will, and readily yielded himself to influences which were adverse alike to his own welfare and that of his people. Surrounding himself by foreign favourites, he excited the indignation and jealousy of his own subjects, who saw him following the counsels of these crafty courtiers and lavishly loading them with gifts. Naturally kind and humane, he was yet often capricious and unjust in his government, and while regular and devout in his devotions he was nevertheless fickle in his friendships, unreliable in his promises, greedy of gold, and yet so profuse in his expenditure that he was sometimes deeply involved in debt. Whatever may have been the good points in his character his hand was too weak to sway a sceptre. Discontents arose; the barons again took up arms; several battles, notably those of Lewes and Evesham, were fought; and from time to time the land was torn with strife, till his long and troubled reign of fifty-six years was closed by his death at the age of sixty-five, in 1272.



## SOME OF THE MEN OF THE GREAT REFORM BILL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MEMORABLE SCENES IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS."

III.



LORD MELBOURNE AT WINDSOR.

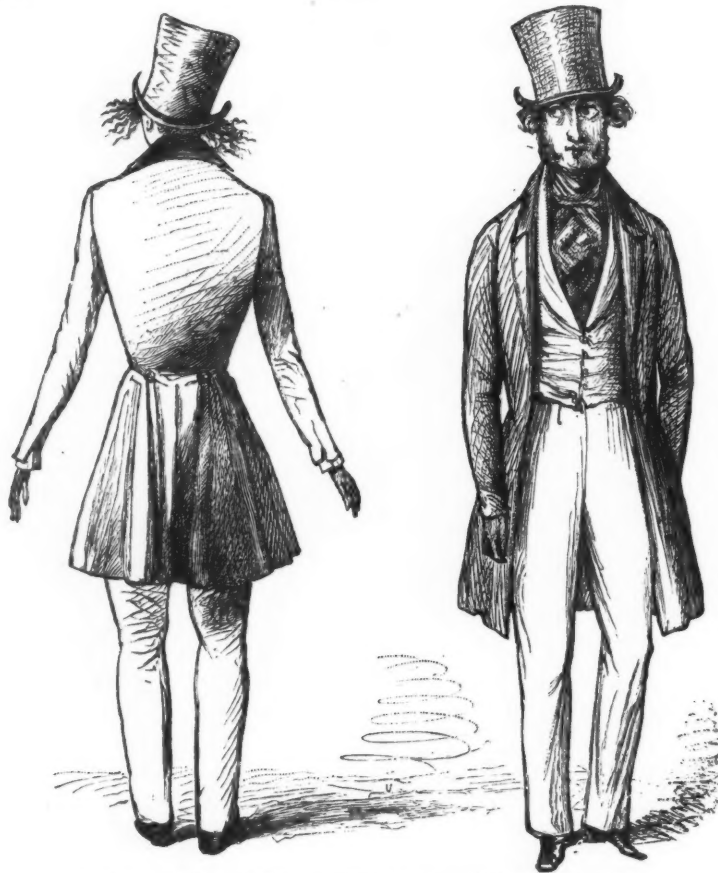
IF to take a seat in the chambers of legislation—to be a member of the House of Commons—be one of the chief objects of an Englishman's ambition—to belong to what has been called the first club in the world; to be called to take a part in making laws for the government of the greatest empire of modern times; if the right to occupy such a place imply the acclamation of many thousands of votes and voices, and if, in many instances, it may seem that the achieved ambition is a brilliant success, it must also be admitted, with very few exceptions, such fame is as ephemeral as it is brilliant. It is like some great procession, the glory of an hour; in a very few years, at the most, who remembers or cares for the great debater? Who reads Hansard? Even if the eye be recalled to some portrait of a departed celebrity, a great political representative, the probability is that the spectator has quite forgotten, even if he ever heard, the name, although it was supposed once

to be so essential to the country's greatness and prosperity.

When some time since we were in Norway, we rode over from Eidesvold to an old mansion formerly belonging to an ancient family—the Ankers. It was celebrated as the house in which the Constitution of Norway was framed. There the first members, the bonders, landlords, and peasants assembled—famous men in 1814. Their rude and eminently pre-Raphaelite portraits adorn the walls of the old house, which has been purchased by subscription to commemorate the event; but, of all, how very few are remembered, their names are altogether unknown even on the pages of the history of their country. It is so with almost all who took part in the great Reform agitations, who were found in the last sessions of the old chamber, or the first of the new; even the localities it was their pride to represent, the boroughs or the counties which so proudly re-

turned them, or the great families of which they were the nominees, they are most likely forgotten by all. Such is fame! And not merely is this true of the great multitude of the members; those who attained to a seat in the Cabinet, who wielded the bright and nimble pen, or possessed the ready and witty tongue, in most instances have not a more abiding memory. For them all, as Sir Thomas Browne saith, "The iniquity of oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy."

liberal opinions. There was something of the affectation of Beau Brummell in his dainty disdain of any approach to the middle classes. Some member in the House had casually mentioned Bedford Square, and he exclaimed, "Bedford Square! Bedford Square! I know nothing of the geography of Bedford Square; I did not know there was such a place in the world!" It seemed to him that, as one of the originators of and chief contributors to the "Quarterly Re-



A PAIR OF BUCKS.—BENJAMIN DISRAELI AND EDWARD LYTTON BULWER.

We have not confined our remarks to the names of men who were regarded as the champions of Reform; there were eminent men to whom the Bill and all the provisions of the Bill were an offence. We have mentioned Sir Charles Wetherell; equally vehement was John Wilson Croker, of the "Quarterly Review;" he must not be confounded with his pleasant namesake, who, however, was no relation, Thomas Crofton Croker, the author of "The Fairy Legends of Ireland." Wilson Croker found, like Sir Charles Wetherell, his legislative career cut short by the passing of the Reform Bill. His hatred to all liberal principles was intense. It has been said, that from the very constitution of his mind, he could not form a friendship with any person entertaining

view," he ought only to be acquainted with the aristocratic squares of the west end of London. The bitterness which characterised the political articles of the "Quarterly" in that period is to be ascribed to the spirit infused by Mr. Croker; and some idea may be formed of the prescience and judgment of this accomplished man from the fact that he wrote the fierce invective in the "Quarterly" against the new postal law, or the Penny Postage, confidently foretelling its speedy and complete failure. He was an earnest special pleader, and not less a histrionic than vehement speaker; but, as a politician, he is now almost forgotten.

The mention of a forgotten literary name calls up the memory of two others, which will not so

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soon die; and there they are, Benjamin Disraeli, afterwards to be known as the Earl of Beaconsfield, and Edward Lytton Bulwer, by-and-bye to be known as Lord Lytton. They do not shine in the limning of the caricaturist of that period—the two members of the House who in their day were most dainty in their dress, knights of the looking-glass, to whom the tailor was the high priest of society. Although they both entered actively on the scene of political life in the newly constituted chamber, they were not among the gladiators who fought in either of the lists for or against the Bill. Indeed Disraeli did not enter the House until 1837; who could associate him, in the appearance he presents on our page, with the stately statue recently unveiled in Palace Yard, where he appears with all the robes and splendours of the peerage about him? The artist certainly intended to represent him as a member out at elbows, and so no doubt he seemed to other eyes than those of the caricaturist. Remembering what he became, it is amazing to recall that moment when, amidst howlings and shouts of derision, unable to obtain a hearing, he sat down, exclaiming in loud and well-remembered tones, "Though I sit down now, the time will come when you will hear me!" But even then, in that very year, and after that discomfiture in the Commons, when he was presented to Lord Melbourne, the great minister, not unimpressed by the language and spirit of the young politician, said to him, "Well, now, tell me, what do you want to be?" With quiet gravity the young man replied, "I want to be prime minister!" Melbourne might well be taken aback, although he did not laugh, and only replied, "No chance of that in our time." How would they both have started—perhaps not Melbourne—to know that the bold aspirant would reach that place of coveted power after a lapse of five-and-thirty years!

Dainty dandy as he had the reputation of being, the ambition of Bulwer was different—perhaps, some would say was higher. It was to rise to a permanent place in his land's language—to live in thought and in imagination in the great Republic of Letters. He was to exercise the enchantments of the pen, with an almost too fatal and marvellous facility, in every field of composition.

Another effigy reminds us how many men of letters found a place in the new House and beneath the new order of things. There is Sir William Molesworth, the Cornish baronet, a great scholar, and a large contributor to the "Westminster Review," of which he was one of the founders. He was the editor of the works of Thomas Hobbes, of Malmesbury, and he was an accomplished mathematician. Before he entered the House he had united in the agitation for Reform with the political leaders in his county of Cornwall. He was an extensive student in many departments of knowledge, but he died comparatively young—at the age of forty-six; and when he died, the "Times" said of him: "The best monument that could be raised to him would be the publication of a complete collection of his Parliamentary speeches; the noblest epitaph that could be inscribed on his tomb would be the title of

'The Liberator and Regenerator of the Colonial Empire of Great Britain.'"

Some of our readers will remember what, in its time, was a famous speech of Disraeli's at the Manchester banquet, when, in the course of his oration, he said: "As I sat opposite the Treasury bench the ministers reminded me of one of those marine landscapes not very unusual on the coasts of South America. You behold a range of exhausted volcanoes; not a flame flickers on a single pallid crest. But the situation is still dangerous. There are occasional earthquakes, and ever and anon the dark rumbling of the sea." Shortly after



SIR W. MOLESWORTH.

a member for one of the metropolitan boroughs was arrested by another member in the lobby of the House, who inquired of him, "What did that impudent fellow mean by calling us extinct volcanoes?" "I don't know," was the answer, "unless he meant to say you are all a set of worn-out old craters!" It may seem to some of our readers that these slight sketches we are presenting are almost of that description, "worn-out old craters"—men forgotten and left behind in the march of events, so rapid in these later years.

But perhaps we may never be weary either of hearing or reciting the stories of O'Connell. Here,



in the caricaturist's sketch, he stands the very embodiment of most of the stories with which he is credited within or without the House. That story, for instance, has often been told of a certain Biddy Moriarty, with whom, when only a junior at the Bar, he had a wonderful war of words. Biddy was a virago of the most abusive type, who kept a huckster's shop on the quay of Dublin, and O'Connell had declared that, in a tongue tilt, he would drive this mistress and mother of epithet



DANIEL O'CONNELL.

completely into confusion and defeat. So, commencing the attack, he said, "What's the price of this walking-stick, Mrs. What's-your-name?"

"Moriarty, sir, is my name, and a good name it is, and what have you to say agin it? and one and sixpence is the price of this stick, troth, 'tis chape as dirt, so it is." "One and sixpence for a walking-stick! whew! why you are no better than an impostor to ask eighteenpence for what cost you twopence." "Twopence your grandmother!" replied Biddy. "Do you mane to say it is cheating the people I am? Impostor indeed!" "Ay, impostor, and it is that I call you to your teeth," rejoined O'Connell. "Come, cut your stick, you cantankerous jackanapes." "Keep a civil

tongue in your head, you old *diagonal*," answered O'Connell, calmly. Mrs. Moriarty grew angry. "Don't be in a passion, my old *radius*, anger will only wrinkle your beauty." A volley of strong language followed. "Easy now, easy now," cried O'Connell, with imperturbable good-humour, "don't choke yourself with fine language, you old whisky-drinking *parallelogram*." "What's that you call me, you murderin' villain?" roared Moriarty, stung with fury. "I call you," answered O'Connell, "a *parallelogram*, and a Dublin judge and jury will say it's no libel to call you so." In vain the woman protested her innocence. "Oh, not you, indeed," retorted O'Connell, "why I suppose you deny that you keep a *hypothenuse* in your house." "It's a lie for you, you robber, I never had such a thing in my house, you swindling thief." "Ah, you can't deny the charge, you miserable *submultiple* of a *duplicate ratio*." "You saucy tinker's apprentice, if you don't cease, I'll—" but here she gasped for breath while O'Connell proceeded: "While I've a tongue, I'll abuse you, you most inimitable *periphery*. Look at her, boys, where she stands, a convicted *perpendicular* in petticoats; there she trembles with guilt down to the extremities of her *corollaries*. Ah! you're found out, you *rectilinear antecedent* and *equiangular* old hag, you porter-swiping *similitude* of the *bisection* of a *vortex*." But this last was too much: overwhelmed with this torrent of language, some accounts say, the old lady burst into tears beneath these disgraceful impeachments of her fair fame. She declared most truly she had never been called such names before, but, catching a saucepan, she was aiming it at O'Connell's head, when he prudently made a timely retreat. Does he not look the very man for such a passage of arms in the characteristic sketch before us? But we must, before we have done with him, recite one or two not unlike scenes in the House of Commons.

It sometimes appears to us, as successive incidents in the history of the House rise, appear, and dissolve before the imagination, as if the debates furnished forth merrier scenes in the olden times, especially in the earlier sessions after the passing of the Reform Bill. Something depends, perhaps, upon the existence of a strong and merry spirit in the assembly, and no doubt such an one was Daniel O'Connell. James Grant, in his "Random Recollections of the House of Commons," says: "It is a positive luxury, in an assemblage where there are so many dandies and sprigs of fashion, to witness the plain, farmer-like appearance and unsophisticated manners of Mr. O'Connell." And the etching accompanying this paper gives a vivid reflection of Grant's description, and as we often saw him in his best days, when the "Monthly Magazine" of the time said of him: "With the improvidence of his country, he flings a brood of robust thoughts into the world without a rag to cover them." Perhaps he never very flagrantly broke the rules of the House in his expressions, and when he did so, or seemed to do so, he rose over the rebukes which he received with a triumphant spirit of fun. Once, a very eccentric member of those days, Mr. Kearsley, in one of his short, but unhappily sufficient speeches, inquired

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of the House, "if it intended to be so humiliated as to submit to the bullying conduct of the honourable and learned gentleman?" meaning Dan. He continued, "I, sir, shall not submit to the bullying conduct of the honourable and learned gentleman. I wish to know, sir, is this proper conduct?" And after a moment's pause, in a voice which startled the House like a thunder-clap—"Sir, I will divide the House on this conduct!" Now this was a sort of scene which Dan prodigiously enjoyed; and, after some thrusts of fun at Mr. Kearsley, he returned to the original object of his attack in language so strong that the House was in a ferment. And then Mr. John Richards, the member for Knaresborough, called upon the House "to protect itself from the browbeating, the ruffianism, of the member for Kilkenny." And there sat Dan!—so has the present writer often seen him—his arms akimbo, the jaunty flower in the buttonhole, his hat cocked on one side of his head, his eye ready to wink, his face ready to twinkle all over with a smile or a laugh. The poor Speaker must have had an agitating time of it. But the scene was only beginning; O'Connell, continuing easily, jauntily, laughing all over his face, said that he "rather regarded the language which had been appropriated to him as complimentary than otherwise." The shouts became vociferous. Among others, Mr. Scarlett, afterwards Lord Abinger, rose up and lectured Dan severely upon what he called his "unparliamentary conduct." As, one after another, members rose to attack him or to vindicate Richards, O'Connell assumed to himself the attitude of a master of the ceremonies, rising and announcing, "Behold a *third*, or *fourth*, or *fifth* advocate," as the case might be. "Never," says Mr. Grant, "did the performance of any farce at a theatre produce half so much cordial laughter as was produced by the farce in the course of representation on the floor of the House of Commons." Had any foreigner chanced to enter the House, so far from fancying himself in the assembly of the first gentlemen in Europe, he might have been impressed by the notion that he had been, by mistake, conducted to some theatre where farces of the broadest kind were in the course of performance. At length the Speaker, assisted by Lord John Russell, brought this very extraordinary scene to an end. From the crowd of anecdotes, perhaps this as well as any gives reality to our etching.

It is surely not less than remarkable that the passing of the Reform Bill cleared the way for the inauguration of a new era with a new reign—the illustrious epoch of the Victorian age. How many sketches of the actors in those times we might present; but, as with the hanging committee of the Academy, we are driven to exclusion by selection. There is one person, however, of great and pleasing interest—the loyal servant and judicious and faithful friend of the young sovereign, our beloved Queen, on her accession to the throne; and the caricaturist portrays him firmly seated on his horse—Lord Melbourne. Her accession to the crown found him the prime minister, and, as he had held that place from 1835, so he retained it

until 1841. In those years intervening between her accession and her marriage it is universally acknowledged, says Mr. Hayward, in the "Quarterly Review," "that although so young no monarch ever better understood or more conscientiously fulfilled the highest duties of a constitutional sovereign, and all honour should be given to the sagacious and high-minded counsellor who watched over her with parental care, and devoted his best energies to guide and confirm the inborn rectitude of purpose and elevation of character by which the prosperity of a great empire has been upheld." It was invidiously remarked to the Duke of Wellington that "Lord Melbourne was a great deal at the palace;" and the noble old Duke sharply replied, "I wish he was always there." And in the House of Lords he said, "I happen to know that it is her Majesty's opinion that the noble viscount has rendered her Majesty the greatest possible service, independently of the performance of his duty as the servant of her Majesty's crown; teaching her, in short, to preside over the destinies of this great country." A wise man, of sound common sense, he was yet quite unequal to the initiation of great measures. Sydney Smith said of him, "I accuse our minister of honesty and diligence!"

It is surely interesting to recall these names of the old leaders, and thus to review the story of the struggles of the country on the path of progress.

And yet, before we close our paper, we have before us another pair of etchings of the famous H. B. Caricaturists are usually irreverent, and in this the reader is not expected to realise the Iron Duke, the hero of a hundred fights, or the great general of his age, any more than in his instructor on the sands we realise the encyclopædic school-master of his time. The scene is at Walmer, on the sea-shore, the reference is to the speech made by a leading champion of the Reform party, the Earl of Durham, a rousing piece of Parliamentary eloquence, in reply to the Duke of Wellington, who had charged the Reform leaders with stirring the passions of the people. The Duke, illustrious on the field, had no rhetorical powers, and the Demosthenes of his age, ceasing to be, like his ancient prototype, a pupil, is giving lessons in the art of oratory to the Duke. We have referred so frequently to Brougham that we may well forbear from further allusions; the caricature, however, is significant in the memory that shortly after the two illustrious antagonists became great friends. One of the most brilliant of Brougham's orations is that at the great Wellington banquet, in which with rapid and graphic strength he delineates Wellington's successive procession of victories. At the time when the Reform Bill agitation commenced, Wellington had still before him nearly a quarter of a century of life; about fifteen years had passed since he had fought his last battle and retired from the life of a soldier, still quite a young man under forty; covered with honours and laurels. From some aspects there is not a more remarkable historical name than that of the Duke. Napoleon had said of him that he was "his equal in everything, his superior in prudence." His life was devoid of passion, vehemence, or imagination,



LORD BROUGHAM PROPOSES TO GIVE THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON A LESSON IN ORATORY.

and it was not to be expected that such a man could have much sympathy with reformers or reform bills. But it has been truly said that for him very early in life fortune checked her wheel and became stationary, and that while it is possible to find in history a parallel to his deeds, there is none to his long-continued career of prosperity. An anonymous writer has recapitulated the names of many of the great men who, after attaining to the last and highest degree of eminence, passed to obscurity or ignominy, or had their career cut short by death in the moment of victory, "Cræsus has passed into a proverb; Alexander was cut short in his unequalled course; Cæsar was killed in the capitol; Coriolanus was banished; Marius escaped from a dungeon; Scipio was driven into private life; Epaminondas, Gustavus, Nelson, died in the moment of their greatest victories; Hannibal was compelled to suicide; Belisarius became a beggar; Sejanus, the all-powerful favourite, was strangled; Buckingham, the great favourite, was assassinated; Wolsey and Marlborough disgraced; Charles XII fell doubtfully before an obscure fortress; and Napoleon died, a broken-hearted exile, on the rock of St. Helena; only the star of Wellington always continued lustrous and never paled." At last the sun set suddenly, unclouded; he was still the Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, and a great poet has nobly described the moment when the presence of death entered the plain chamber of the Great Duke in the morning,

"When down the coast, all taking up the burden,  
Replied the distant forts,  
As if to summon from his sleep the Warden  
And Lord of the Cinque Ports.

Him shall no sunshine from the fields of azure,  
No drum-beat from the wall,  
No morning-gun from the black fort's embrasure,  
Awaken with their call.

No more surveying with an eye impartial  
The long line of the coast,  
Shall the gaunt figure of the old field-marshal  
Be seen upon his post.

For in the night, unseen, a single warrior,  
In sombre harness mailed,  
Dreaded of man, and surnamed The Destroyer,  
The rampant wall has scaled.

He passed into the chamber of the sleeper,  
The dark and silent room,  
And as he entered, darker grew, and deeper,  
The silence and the gloom.

He did not pause to parley or dissemble,  
But smote the Warden hoar;  
Ah! what a blow! that made all England tremble  
And groan from shore to shore."

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## COURTS OF JUSTICE IN BRITISH INDIA.

### IV.—NOTICES OF SOME NATIVE OFFICIALS.

MR. CUNNINGHAM, Judge of the High Court of Calcutta, in his recently published volume, computes the total of the police force maintained in India as 158,000, whose numbers vary with a ratio of 1 in 2,315 in Bengal to 1 in 50 in Madras. The ratio in the police district of London is about 1 in 400.

In accordance with these figures is the following testimony from the same authority: "Crime is far less rife than in England, and women and children can, and habitually do, travel by night for hundreds of miles, by lonely roads, with no better protection than the general peaceableness of the community and the efficiency of the police" (p. 284.) Professor Max Müller also states that, "according to statistics, the number of capital sentences was one in every 10,000 in England, but only one in every million in Bengal."

I presume Mr. Cunningham refers in his figures to the class consisting of constables who have to do with the prevention of crime and the arrest of criminals. Besides these there will be seen in court "peons," who are employed in civil processes, and answer to our bailiffs, and "chupprassies," who are attendants and messengers of the court. Two of the last are always on duty at the residence of the judge. Sometimes they are armed, as, for instance, when accompanying a judge or magistrate on special duty in the mofussil or country district surrounding the head station. I know a magistrate who had occasion once to regret making such an excursion with unarmed chupprassies. He was commissioned to inspect some unassessed land added, by the silting of a river, to land on which revenue was charged. On approaching the spot he observed signs of hostility among the spectators. Arriving at the river bank with his attendants, he perceived a group of the landlord's tenants with canes in their hands, and when he alighted from his horse and accosted the ferryman and inquired for his boat the man answered in a surly tone that the boat was not that day in use. It was necessary to take decided action. The magistrate had his horse whip in his hand, and on receiving this reply at once ordered the chupprassies to hold the culprit, and personally administered a severe flogging. The boat was soon there, and the knot of threatening men dispersed, and the additional strip of ground deliberately measured. Had the attendants been in any way armed, the look of hostility would never have been assumed.

This reference to the subordinate officials in a court reminds me of a form of literal "picking and stealing" with which it is believed that some of them have to do. The people of India have been celebrated for the patient painstaking which characterises their handiwork in metal and textile fabrics. Time is of little value with men and women who can live on twopence or threepence a

day, and they can afford to spend days in place of the hours that would be given to a task in our country. The same ingenuity and persistency are found in the peculation to which I am alluding. It consists in removing the marks of erasure from stamps which have been used. Numerous payments demanded for revenue, and especially the business of the Law Courts, are required to be made in stamps. These stamps, already used, are got hold of, manipulated by long-continued mechanical appliances, and so touched up as to be made to do duty again. The clever and patient operator will spend hours for the chance of thus turning a *dishonest* penny. There is, accordingly, a constant struggle going on between the Government and the people, the one in making stamps incapable of restoration, and the other in varying and perfecting the methods of getting defaced stamps to pass as of virgin purity.

Another phase of the same kind of industrious ingenuity is referred to in the "Edinburgh Review" of July, 1833 (p. 224). My readers are no doubt aware that there is continuously great loss of human life in India occasioned by the attacks of wild animals. The figures published show upwards of 20,000 deaths per annum; but it is well known that a large number of such deaths are not reported to the local authorities, and it is estimated that these figures really represent no more than the number caused by the bites of snakes alone. The Government accordingly offers money rewards for all noxious snakes that are killed and brought to the proper officials. Will it be believed that to obtain the paltry sums that are promised there are men who make it their business to gather all the snake eggs they can find, hatch them in earthen pots by artificial heat, and feed the young ones till old enough to pass muster and earn the petty prizes? Such it seems is the fact.

Of a much higher order than the officials already specified are the clerks of the court. Perhaps the most important of them is the interpreter. Most of the proceedings are conducted in English—the speeches of the pleaders, for instance, and the judgments pronounced by the court. No doubt it is now in India as it was in England in the years immediately following the Norman conquest. Justice was administered in the language of the rulers. But the evidence of witnesses is necessarily largely submitted in the vernacular, and thus interpreters are required. Observe the interpreter in the particular court we are supposed to be visiting. He is a native gentleman who has received all the culture of the highest forms of education in India, and is a graduate of the University of Calcutta. It is generally supposed that such an education must destroy any strong adherence to Hindu faith and devotion. Commonly it is said the science thus learnt and the habits of thought formed destroy all honest hold of the absurdities

and superstitions which belong to Hinduism, and frequently result in the production of deism, and even atheism. But mark this man! As he stands between the witness and the court we see nothing to distinguish him from the other native gentlemen. We observe that he is of quick intelligence and ready speech, and also self-possessed and apparently scrupulous in his carefulness. But follow him to his home. Look at him in the early morning. Day by day as he rises from his couch he gathers flowers, traces on his forehead the signs of the religious sect to which he belongs, bathes the family idol, presents the floral offering and clarified butter to it, and solemnly recites the appointed invocations and prayers. The worship ended, he washes away the insignia of his idolatry, assumes the Hindu-European dress he usually wears, and takes his place in the court. Every one knows of his faithful devotion to the god of his fathers, and marvels at it because it is so unlike the usual effects of the education he has received, but all regard him with respect.

I have referred to the idolatrous signs figured on the forehead. It is, I think, a matter of sufficient interest to add that familiarity with the natives of India will soon enable an observer to know, by a glance at these signs, to what sect and caste any man belongs. The worshippers of Vishnu have on their foreheads three perpendicular lines; those of Siva three horizontal lines. These are the two chief sects of Hinduism. Another is indicated by circular spots of the size of a fourpenny-piece. The Brahmin, as such, is distinguished by his *poita*, or sacred cord, made up of loose threads, which hangs on his shoulder from one side of his neck down to the other side of his waist, and is the sign of his being a "twice-born" man. There is a very singular distinction between Hindus and Mohammedans. As a rule the Hindu buttons his jacket or coat on the right side, and the Mussulman on the left.

The private clerk of the judge is necessarily on terms of considerable intimacy with him. He, too, is generally, as may be expected, a Brahmin gentleman of intelligence and culture. I will give you as far as I can remember in his own words the narrator's account of a conversation with this much-respected official of his court.

"I was out," he said, "in mofussil work, which occupied many weeks of my time. I and my clerk frequently rode together on the same elephant. It was a noble creature, worth from £800 to £1,000, intelligent and docile, and yet trained to walk without a hesitating step to face a growling tiger. Often I dispensed with its keeper and guided the gentle creature myself. On one of these occasions I ventured to talk with my clerk on religion. I began by asking what he thought of Christianity—did he know its doctrine and had he considered its claims? The ordinary reply was given, 'It is a good religion for Europeans, just as Hinduism is a good religion for myself.' I asked, 'Have you ever heard a padre preach?' 'Oh, yes, but I was only once impressed by what I heard. Generally the padres who come here do not sufficiently know the language, and speak to us through an interpreter. How little do they imagine what the man

says! Often he just issues short orders, as if repeating messages from a master to his servants, such as, 'The padre says you must pray every morning and every evening,' 'The padre says you must not tell lies.' But, sahib, one day there came a very different padre. He was pale, and had a broad black hat, and a beard, and wore a long coat which came down to his knees, and he stood in our bazaar and spoke to us in our own language. I shall never forget what he preached. He began, 'I was yesterday at R—. How very different the people there are from you! The temples I found in good order, and there were many doing *pujah* (worship), and every one had his religious marks on his forehead, and seemed to think of his god and lead a religious life. But here! Look at the temples—they are out of repair, and the floors dirty, and the shrines neglected. There are no worshippers, and you seem to live as if there were no God and no life but the present one. Can this be right? I come to remind you that there is a God, and that he requires from you worship, and I bring you from Him books that you may know what you are to do to be good and happy and have happiness in the life to come.' We all wondered as he spoke to us. He said nothing against Vishnu, or Siva, or Luchmee, or any of the gods, and nothing against the Brahmins, but only that we must worship God and be good and holy men and women. And he went on, 'Now you who do pray, how do you pray? I expect you just kneel down and say, 'Ram! Ram! Ram!' and go on saying this and nothing more. Is that praying? Suppose you had a poor crop, or had a wedding, and spent all you had saved, and wanted the zemindar (landlord) to take off some of the rent, would you go to him and just say, 'Babu! Babu! Babu!' and nothing else. No! You would say, 'Babu! the crop has failed,' or 'Babu! I have just married my daughter and spent all my money,' or 'Babu! I am so heavily in debt with the money-lender that I cannot just now pay my rent. You are rich and generous and noble, have pity on me and forgive me my rent this time, and I will bless you.' So when you kneel to God, say not just 'Ram! Ram! Ram! Ram!' but tell God of your sins, and say, 'Oh, forgive me;' or tell Him of your wants, and say, 'Oh, grant me what I need;' or tell him of your troubles, and say, 'Oh, help and comfort me.' And then, looking seriously and tearfully, the Brahmin added, 'Yes, sahib, I shall never forget that padre. I do not know his name, or where he came from, or where he went, but should you ever find him tell him I thank him, and that I now never pray as I used to do, just uttering, without any thought, the name of my God, but I tell God of my sins, and my needs, and my sorrows, and I ask for His pardon, and His help, and His blessing.'"

Was not this Brahmin clerk among those who are "not far from the kingdom of heaven," and is there not much of suggestion in his story for teachers and preachers among the heathen? And is there not rebuke in it for those amongst us to whom religious exercises, by their formal iteration, have become mere sounds and ceremonies, little better than the "praying wheels" of Mongolia?

## Martin Luther.



### I.

"If there were as many devils at Worms as tiles upon the roofs, yet would I thither."

In all the streets the eager people press—  
Look out from every window, perch like crows  
On every roof, to see him as he goes;  
And many there revile, and many bless.

"Remember Huss!" they cry, "who did transgress

Like thee, and like thee trusted to his foes,  
And perished in the fire! Alas! who knows  
But thou like him shalt rue thy hardness?"

Scarce might the marshal bring him to the door—  
Then said old George of Freundsberg, standing by,

"Thou goest such a stand to make as I,  
And many another captain, never made;  
Yet if thy cause be just, and thou be sure,  
Go in God's name, and be not thou afraid."

### II.

"Here stand I, I cannot do otherwise."

By faith he spake it, standing there alone;  
And heard the angry murmurs round him rise,  
And saw the Kaiser's cold, displeased eyes—  
The great electors on the steps o' the throne—  
Dark-visaged Alva's death-foreboding frown—  
Prince-bishops—counts of the Empire—doctors  
wise,

Well-skilled in use of learned subtleties—  
And councillors with wily looks cast down.

"I can no otherwise—" O great reply!  
All *gloria mundi* there against him ranged,  
And—dreadfuller than earthly majesty,  
Christ's Vicar's curse—he staggered not, nor  
changed

One word of all that God had bid him say,  
Answering still, "No otherwise I may."

### III.

"So may our Lord Christ remember him."

Out in the Square there rose a clamorous din;  
In the wan twilight of the April day,  
The faces tossed like glimmering crests of spray,  
As he came forth from playing the man within,  
And scarce his way for friends and foes might  
win.

But at the last he came to where he lay,  
A little while to rest him as he may.

Now, as he sat and talked with Spalatin,  
A serving-man a flagon of Eimbeck brought,  
And said, "Duke Eric bids you slake your thirst  
With this; he deigned to pledge you in it first."  
Then Father Martin said, "Now as he thought  
On me this hour, so Christ our Lord most dear  
Remember him when his last strife is near!"

### IV.

"Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott."

As once Elijah in the days of old  
Was snatched away, so he was hid awhile,  
Safe from the strife of tongues, their wrath and  
guile;

And as the heart of the Hebrew prophet bold  
Fainted in Horeb, his with doubt grew cold;  
Sore was his soul perplexed with Satan's wile,  
Night after night the Wartburg's ancient pile  
Heard him the anguish of that strife unfold.

By faith he overcame; and still his word  
Sounds o'er the ages, bidding us likewise  
Turn from dead works to serve the living Lord—  
Rise from dead works, from dead faith also rise,  
Rise up and tread the path the fathers trod,  
Rise from dead faith to serve the Living God.

MARY A. M. HOPPUS.



## THE LATCH-KEY; OR, TOO MANY BY HALE.

BY T. S. MILLINGTON, AUTHOR OF "STRAIGHT TO THE MARK."

### CHAPTER XII.—DOCTOR JOHN.



MR. WINTERBLOSSOM PROPOSES A SAIL.

MR. JONES, when he came "in his brougham with a servant in livery," as reported, to No. 17, Golden Terrace, was on his way to attend a patient at the other end of the town, and could scarcely have come without a servant unless he had himself sat upon the box to drive, which would have been unprofessional. He was a man of large practice, and every moment of his time was precious; but he was deliberate nevertheless when occasion called for it, and sat for a long while by Judith's bedside, watching her patiently and observing her symptoms. Mrs. Arrowsmith was pleased with his attention to her daughter, but could not help secretly hoping that the length of his bill would not be in proportion to the duration of his visits, especially when, at his departure, after having given a prescription and some special instructions, he said he would call again the same evening. He did so, and again the following morning before going his rounds. He was able then to relieve Mrs. Arrowsmith's anxiety: the inflammation which he feared had subsided, and the patient needed nothing now but careful nurs-

ing for a few days. As to her general health also, he was able, after a careful examination, to reassure the anxious mother. Judith had outgrown her strength, but had no symptoms of disease. There was no reason why she should not, with proper management, grow up as healthy and as strong as any of her brothers and sisters. The sea air, now that the wind had got out of the east, would do her no end of good, and there could be nothing better for her than to remain another month where they then were.

Mr. Jones looked round the room as he spoke with a wondering expression, as if curious to learn how it was that they ever got there.

"I suppose Mr. Winterblossom is an old friend of yours?" he said.

"Mr. Winterblossom?"

"Winterblossom, yes; the owner of this house."

"Oh, is his name Winterblossom?"

"Did you not know it?" Mr. Jones asked, with undisguised astonishment.

"No; it was altogether a mistake about our coming here."

And Mrs. Arrowsmith then told the doctor the story about Shouler and the unfortunate error which had been committed, at a length which would have added very much to the cost of his visit if he had charged for it according to time.

"Extraordinary!" was Mr. Jones's comment. "And Mr. Winterblossom has been here! What did he say to you?"

"He was very angry at first, but not unkind—all things considered. We must move out as soon as possible, of course."

"When shall you see him again?"

"I have no idea. He may call at any time. He met Margaret this morning on the Parade, and asked after Judith, and walked some little distance with her."

"And you never saw him before?"

"I have never seen him at all. I was out when he came, and Margaret had to receive him."

"Margaret? that was the name of his wife whom he lost. It is a sad story, and Winterblossom is an odd man. His wife and child died rather suddenly, and within a few weeks of each other, about two years ago. He was dotingly fond of them, and was left desolate. He quitted the house in which he had spent his happy days almost immediately, and has kept it locked up, just as you found it, ever since. He never allows any one to go into it, and only pays occasional visits alone and at odd times. He spends a great deal of the year abroad, I fancy. I was astonished to see a large family of children going in and out and making themselves at home here. I am not sorry, however, that the spell is broken. Mr. Winterblossom will perhaps come and occupy the house again now, and admit his friends. He was a very good neighbour, and his wife a pleasant, amiable woman. I attended her in her illness, which was brought on by an accident. We none of us like to see the house shut up, and the blinds drawn down, and the garden neglected. To say nothing else, it spoils the look of the terrace."

Mr. Jones was so affable and pleasant, and had been so successful with Judith, that Mrs. Arrowsmith asked him, as he was leaving the house, if he would mind just looking at her youngest son Decimus. She did not think there was much the matter with him, but, being in the house, she thought he might as well just see him, if he did not mind. The good lady reckoned that by putting the question thus the kind doctor would probably not make any extra charge, especially as the child was so young and small, and it might not be necessary to see him more than once.

Mr. Jones readily assented, and spent more time than Mrs. Arrowsmith had expected with this new patient; he gave him some medicine at once, and said that if he were not better before night he must see him again. At his next visit he acknowledged that the child was seriously ill, and the following morning there was no improvement, but rather the contrary. He came again in the evening, and looked very grave.

"This is a delicate child," he said. "I cannot answer for him as I could for Judith. He is very ill. Where is his father?"

"Oh, Mr. Jones, you don't think there is any danger, do you?"

"I hope not; but you ought to be prepared. You must write to his father, or, better still, send a telegram."

Mrs. Arrowsmith was overwhelmed. She judged, from Mr. Jones's words and manner, that he had but very little hope of her child's recovery. All her sons and daughters were so healthy, and had such good constitutions, that she had never really contemplated the probability of losing one of them. Her anxiety on Judith's account had never amounted to positive alarm. But now, to be told, when she had expected nothing of the kind, that Decimus—her youngest son, her Benjamin, the sweetest, dearest child that ever lived, his father's pet, every one's darling—to be told that his life was in peril—how could she bear to think of it—how could she repeat such tidings to the other children, or send such a message of despair to her husband?

Yet the telegram must be dispatched, and the brothers and sisters must be told; they must all be prepared for anything that might happen, and no time must be lost, for the case was urgent. A great deal of time was lost, nevertheless, in preparing that telegram. It was desirable to use language that would not excite alarm, and which would yet be sufficiently explicit and awaken anxiety enough to bring her husband to her side as quickly as possible; and when the right expressions had been chosen the message had to be revised again and again in order to compress it within the limit of twenty words. Two of the boys were then dispatched with it together, lest one alone should feel the burden of it too grave and sorrowful; and when they were out of sight it seemed to those who stood at the window watching them as if the death-warrant for their little brother had gone forth.

The house in Golden Terrace, when Mr. Arrowsmith entered it with the latch-key, which he still carried in his pocket, did not seem like the same that he had quitted only a few days ago. A dead silence reigned there. Could they be all gone out? he asked himself; was Decimus already better? and were the children down upon the sands enjoying themselves as usual?

But as he began to ascend the stairs a door was opened, and Sophia, peeping out, recognised her master, and immediately burst into tears.

"How is my child?" he exclaimed; "how is Decimus?"

"No bet—bet—better."

Mr. Arrowsmith hastened upstairs without another word, and entered the drawing-room, the door of which stood open. The children were there, huddled together, some standing, some sitting, others on the floor, but all perfectly still, unmistakably sorrowful and solemn. They looked up with mournful eyes at their father, and the elder ones advanced to meet him, sobbing.

"Decimus?" he exclaimed.

Before any one could answer him Margaret came downstairs.

"Oh, father," she said, "I am so glad you are come!"

"What is it, Margaret?"

"Decimus is—"

"Not dead!"

"No, but very, very ill; we are afraid he will not be long with us. Come upstairs."

Mr. Arrowsmith followed his daughter, trembling all over. Decimus was lying in a state of great prostration, hot, feverish, and restless. He breathed with difficulty, and with a harsh sound, often interrupted by a hard, noisy cough. But he recognised his father as he knelt down by his little bed, and put up his arms to embrace him. Mr. Jones, who visited him soon after his father's arrival, gave very little hope that the child would recover.

"Has John been sent for?" Mr. Arrowsmith asked.

"No; he is so far off, and this has come upon us so suddenly."

"I wish he were here," Mr. Arrowsmith said.

"So do I," his wife replied; "the poor child has been asking for him. Of course, he could do no good, but—"

"Send him a telegram."

"It is such a long journey, and would be so expensive. Still, I should like to send for him."

It was curious how they agreed, all of them, in wishing for John to be sent for. Decimus wanted him, and there seemed to be a general persuasion that if John were with them he would in some unknown way or other be of use.

That was the evident belief of the sick child himself. John had always found a remedy for every little trouble which had afflicted him, and John could "mend" now, so he seemed to think; he had a blind, childish confidence in John, and wanted him.

The early post brought a letter from John, full of anxious inquiries, wishing very much that he could go at once to see his little brother—perhaps for the last time; but stating that he did not think he ought to leave Liverpool just then, and would not do so, at all events, unless he should receive a telegram to bid him come.

Decimus was still inquiring for John when this letter came, and they sent off a telegram to him immediately. But scarcely was it gone when, to their great satisfaction, John himself appeared, following his own letter within an hour. He had been enabled to leave at the last moment, as will be explained hereafter, and had travelled up to London by the night train. All the family, the whole thirteen, were together again now. How long would that be so? Mr. Arrowsmith felt as if he could never again wish that any one of them might be "off his hands."

Decimus recognised his brother John, and opened his arms to him. He had no longer strength to raise himself for an embrace, nor could he speak more than a few broken words; but his eyes brightened, and a look of contentment rested on his face, as John sat down by his side and remained there holding his hand. He took both food and medicine when John offered it, though before he had shown so much aversion to it that they had been reluctant to force it upon him. He was quiet and happy, and after some little time

fell into a gentle sleep, still holding John's hand and clasping his fingers tightly, but as if unconsciously, whenever he attempted to withdraw it.

By-and-by, as they were watching him, a step was heard upon the stairs, and Mr. Jones appeared. A stranger followed him and stood at the door of the room, looking in, as if he feared to intrude. It was Mr. Winterblossom, who, having called to inquire after the little sufferer, and hearing a poor account of him from Sophia, had gone himself to fetch the surgeon, and now returned with him to hear what he would say.

"I can do nothing more for him," Mr. Jones said. "I hardly thought he would have survived so long."

Yet when he observed him more carefully he thought there was "just a shade of betterness," and while there was life there was hope.

"I have been sent for in haste," he said, "to a very urgent case. I ought not to linger here, as I have several miles to drive. I was just starting when Mr. Winterblossom called for me."

The mother's appealing look detained him yet a little while, and then she suffered him to go, though letting him depart at so critical a moment seemed to be like abandoning all hope.

The children waylaid him as he went downstairs, and he answered their inquiries as cheerfully as he could. Hour after hour passed by, and still, whenever any news was brought to the younger children watching down below, it seemed to be of a hopeful kind. Decimus was still sleeping, clutching John's fingers, waking up now and then for a few minutes only and taking whatever John gave him, and then falling asleep again as peacefully as if brother John had been his guardian angel, as indeed he might have been, to see how patiently and tenderly he watched beside him and observed his every look and gesture.

Mr. Winterblossom, who had left the house with the surgeon, returned after a time, and went noiselessly upstairs. The children followed him—Alfred first, then Marian, Septimus, Octavia, all in due order, little Julia bringing up the rear, led by Sophia. Those in advance penetrated even into the sick-room, and saw their little brother's face upon the pillow and the watchers on either side. A change had indeed taken place. His eyes were open, he breathed naturally, he smiled upon them. Father and mother bent over his little bed, and then sank upon their knees. Mr. Winterblossom turned away as they did so, and hastening downstairs, like one of old who "sought where to weep," entered the little boudoir and shut to the door. The children, following the example of their elders, knelt down. In the sick-room, on the landing, on the stairs, one behind another in a row, like the sculptures upon a tomb, they bowed themselves, not praying for the dead, as represented upon those ancient monuments, but giving thanks for the living. Yes; it was evident to all now that the child had revived, and they had good hope that he would recover. It was time for them to give thanks, and they lifted up their hearts with one accord, although in silence. The same thought was in their minds—"The living, the living shall praise Thee!" And, down below,



the solemn, grave-faced stranger, the owner of the house, was also on his knees, joining his prayers and praises with their own, although they saw him not. In that same chamber where the little boy was lying, a source and centre of new hope for each of them, he, a lonely widower, had watched two years ago his own and only child drawing his last breath, yielding up his spirit. Ah! he could feel for them. He had understood their sorrow, and could now enter into their joy. The old wounds in his heart bled afresh, but the pain was of a different kind from that self-pitying moroseness, that bitterness of discontent, to which he had been so long abandoned. The tears which ran down his cheeks were tears of sympathy and human kindness, gracious tears, tears that soften and subdue. Instead of separating him from the rest of the world, perked up in a private sorrow, this care for others, this grief and joy, in which he bore but a stranger's part, served to bring him back and unite him once more with the world of human feeling and affection, from which, in the selfishness of his own deep, lonely, and resentful sorrow, he had been too long divided.

Mr. Jones passing by the house in the evening on his way home, and observing that the blinds were not yet drawn down, came upstairs and looked into the room cautiously. After a brief examination of his little patient he turned round and smiled.

"It is a delightful change," he said; "I could scarcely have hoped for it. I hope, I trust, I think now, your little darling will be spared to you."

Then observing how the child's eyes rested lovingly upon his elder brother's face, he turned to John and said,

"You are the best doctor; you are the best physician."

#### CHAPTER XIII.—"I ONLY HOPE!"

ALTHOUGH it has been shown that John Arrowsmith arrived at Hastings in time to witness the recovery of his little brother from what had threatened to be a fatal illness, it remains yet to be told by what series of events he had been enabled to leave Liverpool after having decided that it was his duty to remain there.

The intelligence of his brother's critical condition reached him when he was alone in his lodging at Prospect Row, two or three days after he had dismissed himself from Messrs. Walrus and Co.'s house of business. His first thought was to go at once to Hastings; but he was almost without money, Augustus Sealey having once more borrowed his last sovereign. Neither would he have wished to go away just then, while there was a possibility, as he hoped, of setting himself right with his late employer. He trusted that when Tom Walrus should return, the charge against him might be cleared up; it could scarcely be called a charge, but he viewed it in that light, and felt very keenly what appeared to be an imputation upon his honesty. He feared also that if he should leave the neighbourhood just then, it might be supposed that he had done so to avoid

inquiry, and in that way the suspicion which had been expressed against him would gather strength. He could not go and tell Mr. Walrus about his brother's illness after what had passed between them; still less could he address himself to Mrs. Walrus, as would have been the natural and proper course under any other circumstances; but he wanted sympathy and advice; so he read the letter about Decimus to Mrs. Manifold, who not only consoled with him in the sincerest manner, telling him all about the various ailments from which her own children had suffered, recovering as by miracle after they had been given over by any number of doctors, and so cheering and encouraging him, but also brought forth all the money she had in the house, and pouring it upon the table, bade him make use of it, and never to mind about repaying it till it should be quite convenient.

John was touched by her kindness, but did not avail himself of the money, resolving to remain where he was, at all events till he should hear again from Hastings, and he wrote home to that effect. But Mrs. Manifold having told her husband, who was employed at the docks, and Mr. Manifold having mentioned it to a fellow-workman who was employed at Walrus's, by whom it was reported to Mr. Walrus's groom when he came to fetch his master with the "broom," the news went through Emily's maid to Emily herself, and so without further delay to Emily's father and mother.

Dinner was over at Prospect Villa, and Mr. Walrus and his wife were sitting alone after the cloth had been removed. Tom was still absent from home, and Emily had not appeared at the dinner-table.

"Sad thing about that poor child," said Mr. Walrus; "hope he'll get well again."

"Of course one must hope so," Mrs. Walrus replied; "though, with such a large family, if it should please—if one of them were taken—there might not be so much to grieve about after all; better so than to grow up like—"

She did not venture to complete the sentence. An impatient movement on the part of her husband checked her and closed her lips.

"At such a time," Mr. Walrus said, quietly but sternly, "you might surely leave the poor lad alone." And Mrs. Walrus, with a toss of her head, rose to quit the room without another word.

But before she could do so, the sound of wheels on the gravel and the loud ringing of the door-bell announced an arrival.

"There's Tom at last," said Walrus; "I am glad he's come."

"Perhaps it's Gus," said his wife; "or very likely both together."

"It is not Augustus," Mr. Walrus answered, as if he knew it as a fact.

The next moment Tom Walrus entered the room.

"What is all this about John Arrowsmith?" he asked as soon as the first greetings had been, somewhat hurriedly, exchanged. He stood up before them wearing his overcoat, and with his hat in his hand, as if ready to depart again immediately.

"One of his little brothers is very ill; not likely to recover," Mr. Walrus said.

"I am very sorry to hear that," Tom answered, in a more subdued tone. "Poor fellow! he is so fond of them all; he will be dreadfully cut up. I hope it is not Decimus; he talked so much about little Decimus. But that is not what I meant: it's about himself that I want to know. What has he been doing?"

"You had better not ask, Tom," his mother said: "at such a time as this one does not wish to be hard with him: I am sure I don't, so the less said the better."

"I hear he has been dismissed, turned off," said Tom, without heeding her.

"That is not the fact, Tom," his father answered; "he threw up his situation in a temper."

"And quite time he did so," Mrs. Walrus said.

"Hush! mother," Tom exclaimed. "You don't know anything about it."

"I know quite sufficient, Tom, and—and you ought not to speak to your mamma in that way."

"But tell me," Tom went on, approaching his father, and speaking in a low, pleading voice—"tell me what led to it; perhaps John is not so much to blame as you suppose."

"There was money to be accounted for which John had received. He said he had given it to Augustus, and that was true in part; but a large sum—over a hundred pounds—was still missing. John ought to have paid it to the cashier. Mr. Checketts gave him particular orders to do so when he first went to the warehouse. I should not have been so particular about it, knowing that Augustus, and you also, Tom, have taken liberties with the cash, and he might have been led away by your example, though you have both promised never to be guilty of such—irregularities again. But Checketts was vexed and used ugly terms, such as he would not have applied to you or Augustus; and John flashed up in a moment, and said he would not remain in the office to be treated as a thief; and so—and so he went."

Tom Walrus threw down his hat and coat, and leaning his elbow on the chimney-piece, rested his forehead on his hand.

"I wish I had been at home," he said; "then this would not have happened. Did Gus—did Augustus deny having had that money?"

"He said he had not had it; but from what I have heard since, I am afraid—I do not know, but I am afraid—he was not speaking truth."

"He was not, father. He did not have it *all*; so far he might be justified in what he said. He and I had it between us. We got into a scrape at the races. I only wish—I only wish I had taken John's advice; I should not have gone to the races then. I will tell you all the particulars by-and-by; but I cannot rest till I have seen John and set him right with you. Have you heard from Augustus lately?"

"No, Tom; and he has not been at the office for three days. Things can't go on in this way, Tom."

"No, father, they shall not. I have been miser-

able ever since those races, and long before that. I wanted to get out of it, but couldn't."

He did not say what he wanted to get out of, but they understood him: betting, card-playing, debts, dissipation of all kinds, into which he had been betrayed through his own weakness of character, and through want of principle on the part of his Cousin Augustus. Tom had been weary long ago of the disreputable part which he was playing. He almost envied John Arrowsmith in his quiet lodgings, living respectably and within his means, with no temptation to dishonesty, such as he had himself been guilty of more than once in his dealings with his father. He "only wished," as he had frequently been on the point of saying, that he could be free once for all from the evil habits he had contracted, and from the entanglements with which a vicious course of life never fails to surround its votaries; he "only wished" that he could have honest, homely John Arrowsmith for his friend and mentor, feeling the necessity which he had to lean on some one, instead of the elegant and fashionable "Cousin Gus."

"I don't think we shall see Augustus again at present," he said, after a pause.

"Why? What has happened to him?"

"He wrote to me the other day—I have only just had his letter—and from what he said I am afraid—I think—at least I have no doubt now that he is gone off."

"Off!"

"Yes."

"Where to?"

"America."

"Gone to America!—Augustus?" Mrs. Walrus exclaimed.

"I'll tell you more about it another time. He means to be honest and to pay up everything, I have no doubt. Some day or other he will do so. You will have to forgive me my share of it, father; and if I can make amends by sticking to business, and being steady, and good, and upright like—like yourself, father—and like what your son should be—"

He broke down there, and buried his face in his hands to hide his emotion.

His father got up and stood by his side, and patted him on his shoulder encouragingly.

"You are so kind," Tom said. "I wonder how I could ever—but there, it's no use talking; I am not going to make any more promises. You will see."

"Poor Gus!" said Mrs. Walrus. "Gone—gone to America! I wonder what has driven him to it?"

"He need not have gone on my account," Mr. Walrus said, "if he had nothing else to fear."

"It was not on your account, father," Tom said. "Gus would not have been afraid of you."

Tom Walrus would not choose that opportunity for exposing his cousin's delinquencies; but it came out afterwards that Augustus was a heavy defaulter in other quarters, and had left the country to escape a host of creditors and others from whom he could not expect such merciful treatment as he might have reckoned upon receiving from his uncle.

"And now I'll go and see after John," Tom said. "I am not sure that you will find him," Mr. Walrus answered. "I sent to inquire about him as soon as I heard of his brother's illness, and he was not at home then. Perhaps he may be gone to Hastings in the hope of seeing the child before his death."

"I'll go and see," said Tom. "I cannot rest till I have seen him; and if I find him, I may tell him that it is all right, may I not? He may come again to the office as soon as—he is up to it?"

"Certainly, if he will."

"He is as good and steady a fellow as can be, and I only hope—"

"Tell him to come here, Tom, if he will; bring him back with you."

Mr. Walrus held out his hand to his son, who took it, pressed it warmly between his own, and raised it to his lips.

"Bless you, my lad!" said his father; "you will remember in future, won't you?"

Tom tried to speak, but could not; he only grasped his father's hand more tightly, and then with a kiss from his mother, and half a dozen from Emily, who, having heard of his arrival, had come into the dining-room to see him, he went away in the cab which was still waiting for him at the door.

It was late when Tom returned; and he was alone.

"I did not expect that John would come with you," Mr. Walrus said. "Is he very much cut up about his little brother? and was he pleased to see you?"

Tom answered "Yes" to both questions.

"John would have liked very much to go to Hastings; the poor little fellow asks for him, they say, and wants to see him."

"Why does he not go then?"

"Well, one reason is, I dare say, that he could not stand the expense; but the chief thing is that he would not like to have it thought that he had run away, as if he had done anything to be ashamed of. He had been thinking that perhaps something else might come out and that he might be wanted."

"You set his mind at rest on that score?"

"Yes, and now he means to go; he will start by the first train to-morrow morning."

"He will come back, of course?"

"Oh, yes; he will come back. I made him promise that."

"Poor fellow! I never could quite make him out, though. I hope he is all that you describe, Tom; but there were some things about him that seemed strange."

"I know what you are thinking of," said Tom, "and can explain everything." Then he told them about the exchange of portmanteaus.

"Why did he not tell us of it at the time?" Mrs. Walrus asked.

"Well, you see, he was a stranger, and my father had said something to him about carelessness, and so on; and after that he did not like to confess that he had made such a mistake; it might have gone against him, or he might not have been believed."

"It's a strange story," Mrs. Walrus said, with an air of incredulity; "and we have nothing but his own word for it now."

"That's enough, I should hope," said her husband.

"It ought to be enough," Tom answered; "but look here, here is a letter which John has just received from New York, from the man who made the exchange."

"My Dear Sir,—I found your name and address on the portmanteau which I grabbed in such a hurry at the Liverpool terminus. I cut it off, intending to write to you, but had better have left it on, for of course I lost it, and it has only just turned up again by a mere chance. I suppose you have been wearing my things, which were made by Fitz, one of the best tailors in London. I have been obliged to make use of yours on board ship, all my other luggage having gone astray somehow, though most of the things have come to hand at last. Your clothes were not my sort at all (Fitz is the best man to go to—mention my name to him if you like). I was more than once taken for a preacher, and was looked shyly upon by my fellow-passengers; the old and sober ones did not like my ways, and the young and lively ones did not like my costume; but it's all right now. You can keep what you have got. I don't want my things, but I suppose you will be glad to have the photographs which I found among your traps, and that is why I am writing. You seem to have a lot of brothers and sisters. That boy Decimus is a nice-looking little chap! I had half a mind to keep his photo, but I won't. I have not a creature belonging to me—a consequence of statistics. I do not know exactly how they work, but I wish there were no such things. One family is extra large, and then another has to be extra small to make the statistics come right."

"Yours truly, in great haste,

"FERDINAND SKERRY."

"P.S.—There's a box of capital cigars in my portmanteau—yours I mean—no, not that, the other—you know which—the one you have got. They are first-rate. You can't buy such; and you don't smoke, I know; so if you have an opportunity of sending them across the pond do so. You are welcome to everything else, and to the cigars also, if they are any use to you."

"So you see, father, it was not John's fault about the portmanteau; and as for the cigars, John has them still, and would have sent them, but Mr. Skerry, of course, forgot to give his address. So here they are. John offered them to me, and I thought perhaps you would like them. You don't often smoke, I know, but these do seem to be first-rate."

Mr. Walrus opened the box and smelt the fragrant weed.

"My word!" he exclaimed; "they are good ones. No, Tom, I don't often smoke, but at my time of life, when the day's work is over, and especially when one has had anything to excite one, or to—"

"Annoy," Tom suggested.

"No, not annoy; I am not at all annoyed—"



quite the contrary. I don't think I ever felt better pleased in my life than I am at this moment." He again shook hands with his son. "Barring poor Augustus, of course," he added; "and at such a time—a good cigar is very agreeable and soothing, and—my word, it is delicious!"

He smoked in silence for a few moments.

"Have one?" he said, presently.

"No, thank you," Tom replied; "it is a treat to see you enjoy it. I have not smoked to-day, and am going to try and leave it off."

"You are right," said his father; "young men don't require it; better without it."

When the cigar was finished Mr. Walrus spoke again.

"What time does John's train leave?"

"Four o'clock in the morning."

"I should have liked, if possible, just to send him a line to set his mind at rest, and so on, before leaving, and to satisfy his father; but it is too late now."

"Not at all," Tom answered. "I was thinking of going to the station to see him off. I'll take your letter. It will be just the thing to make him feel happy and comfortable—at least—you know what I mean."

So Tom Walrus met his cousin at the Liverpool terminus with words of sympathy and many good wishes, and gave him a letter from his father, in which he assured him of the good opinion he entertained both of his character and capabilities, and invited him to return to the counting-house, where in future he should share Tom's room, and be on the same footing in the office as his own son. And as he would be put to some expense in travelling to and fro, a bank-note was enclosed, which he was requested to accept as a present from his uncle.

"There is some sense in seeing people off when it can be done in that fashion," Tom Walrus said to himself as the train moved away from the platform. "My dear old father! What a kind, good man he is! Well, I only hope—"

Tom Walrus, it will be observed, had now advanced from "only wishing"—which, the poet tells us, "of all employments is the worst"—to hoping, a much more promising and pleasant state of mind. Judging by the look of determination upon Tom's face as he stepped out from the station in the early dawn, none the less distinct and decided for the slight moisture which at the same time bedewed his eyes, there is reason to believe that the good hope he now cherishes will be realised, and bring forth good fruit in due season.

#### CHAPTER XIV.—AN IMPORTANT COMMUNICATION.

LITTLE Decimus's recovery, after he had once begun to improve, was rapid. Two or three days only elapsed before he was able to leave his bed. His illness had been sudden and acute, but he quickly regained strength, and, the weather being favourable, there was not much fear of a relapse.

Mr. Winterblossom did not come to the house, but satisfied himself with inquiring of Mr. Jones,

whom he waylaid each day at the corner of the next street after he had made his morning call. The children went as usual to the sands, spending the greater part of the day out of doors, and Mr. Winterblossom followed them there. They were rather shy of him at first, remembering how fierce and angry he had been on the day of his first appearance; but he made friends with them, took them on to the pier, bought them all sorts of trifles at the bazaar, and won their hearts entirely. Margaret was busy nursing or housekeeping, and did not go out with the children; but Mr. Winterblossom asked many questions about her, and more than once it happened that he met her in the streets when she went marketing. At eventide also, when she sallied forth alone for a little fresh air, which Mr. Jones insisted upon her doing at a certain hour, Mr. Winterblossom generally happened to fall in with her. So he had abundant opportunities of knowing how little Decimus was getting on, and what all the rest of the family were doing generally.

Yet it cannot be said that *they* knew very much about *him*. Mr. Arrowsmith wanted to see him in order to arrange about the rent, and about leaving the house as soon as Decimus could be removed. The house at Peckham was ready for them, as ready, at all events, as Mrs. Wrench could make it. Her child was quite well again, and had left no infection, his complaint having proved to be nothing more serious than hay fever. "A fever," Mrs. Wrench had understood the doctor, who, by the way, was not a doctor at all, but a young man from a neighbouring chemist's. If Mr. Arrowsmith had not left home so abruptly on receipt of his wife's telegram he would soon have been relieved of one of his troubles; and now he could take his children home again without anxiety.

But he wanted, first, to see Mr. Winterblossom, and he never could meet with him, and no one seemed to know where he lived. If Paterfamilias or John junior went with the children to the sands Mr. Winterblossom never hove in sight; or if Mrs. Arrowsmith went out in the evening with her daughter, or followed discreetly at a distance, as once she did, Mr. Winterblossom might be seen, perhaps, in full sail doubling the corner of a distant street, but could not be overhauled.

The children had become very nautical by this time, and very much interested in the boats upon the shore, watching them as they were launched, and picking up fragments of the boatmen's conversation. Therefore when Mr. Winterblossom, appearing suddenly by the gunwale of one of the boats which they were inspecting, asked if they would like to have a sail, they accepted the offer by acclamation, and went on board at once. The sea was calm, and there was just enough wind to bear them at the rate of three or four knots an hour away from the shore; and the happiness and pleasure of the whole party cannot be described. They only wished that Margaret were with them, and Decimus and Sophia and father and mother and John. Mr. Winterblossom re-echoed their wishes as to the three former; but not as to the three latter. Presently one of the boys, leaning over the side lost his balance and nearly fell into



the sea. Mr. Winterblossom looked very grave and charged them to be careful. Then a sudden puff of wind made the boat heel over; and the boatman happening to remark that it would blow fresher before night, Mr. Winterblossom thought they had better go about immediately and get near shore. They were two or three miles off by this time, and a sudden anxiety seemed to take possession of him. The thought had struck him that he was here alone in charge of nearly all the family of the Arrowsmiths! Frightful responsibility! How could he ever have been so rash! He had done it too without any authority from their parents! If anything should happen to any one of them how could he answer it?

It was not at all likely that anything would happen to them. But they were all in high spirits. Julia might be dropped overboard and Janet overbalance herself while reaching after her, and Octavia leap in to save Janet, and Septimus and Sextus and Quintus (he did not know all their names, but these were equivalents) might all follow each other until the boat was empty. He quite believed they would do it if occasion should arise, they were such a united family! or a plank of the boat might start, the water rush in, and all go unitedly to the bottom. Mr. Winterblossom was thankful now that Decimus and Margaret were not with him, and would have been perfectly happy, on the other hand, if father and mother and John, or even Sophia, had been of the company to relieve him of all responsibility. Mr. Winterblossom was himself an old sailor, but every lurch of the boat brought his heart almost into his mouth. The wind was off shore, and they were a long time beating up against it. The children were quieter before they reached it and were lying down on the bottom of the boat, but they were none of them so glad as he was when they found themselves approaching *terra firma*.

And yet he had some hesitation at the last in running alongside the pier where they were to land; for there stood Mr. Arrowsmith and John watching them and waiting for their arrival. What would they say to him for running away with all the family? Apart from that question he had reasons of his own for wishing to avoid them. There seemed to be no help for it, however; so the boat was steered alongside, and the children were landed safely one by one. Then while Mr. Arrowsmith was embracing them and counting heads to satisfy himself that all were there, the boatman quickly shoved off again by Mr. Winterblossom's command, and in a moment the boat was scudding away before the freshening breeze, carrying Mr. Winterblossom with it.

That day was the last that John Henry Arrowsmith could spend at Hastings. The next morning he returned to London, leaving John in charge of the family. It was very strange and very awkward that he could not get a word with the owner of the house to thank him for his kindness, and to make arrangements for the removal of his family; but Grindall and Co., who had been patient with him while Decimus was ill, could not spare him any longer, and go he must and did.

A few days later Mr. Jones gave permission for

Decimus to go for a long drive into the country, and Mrs. Arrowsmith ordered a carriage from a place recommended by the doctor, and at an hour suggested also by him she, with Decimus and as many more as it could contain, entered it and drove away. Scarcely were they gone when another carriage, which Mrs. Arrowsmith had not ordered, pulled up at the door, and carried off all the rest of the family. The children guessed that it was Mr. Winterblossom who had sent it, but he did not go with them to take charge of them, and though they kept a good look-out for him as they drove through the town, they saw nothing of him.

When they returned, after a two hours' drive, they noticed some great changes about the house. The broken looking-glass in the drawing-room had been replaced by a new one. Decimus was the first to observe it, and looking up to his mother with delight said, "There! I knew John could mend it; John always mends everything." He kissed his elder brother gratefully, and then went up to his bedroom without a shade of care remaining on his mind. On his bed was a picture-book full of the most delightful coloured prints, and by the side of it one of the finest ships that had ever been seen (on shore) in Hastings, with all sails set. The other children found each a present of some kind awaiting him or her, eleven of them, John and Margaret being included as children for the occasion, though Margaret was rather shy of exhibiting hers, and doubtful whether she ought to accept it, on account of its character and value. Such a bracelet it would hardly be consistent for her to wear, even if it were proper for her to receive it from—"well, not a stranger exactly, but—" So Mrs. Arrowsmith settled the question by relieving her of it, promising to take care of it for her daughter, for the present at all events.

They were all of them so much absorbed in inspecting and admiring their several gifts, and showing them to each other, that they did not at first observe that the door of the little boudoir, the sanctum which had hitherto been kept so jealously shut up, was now standing wide open, as if inviting them to enter. Margaret was the first to notice this and to accept the invitation. Great changes had been made here also. The relics with which the table had been strewed were gone; the book left open had been closed and placed upon its shelf with its companion volumes; the music upon the piano-desk had been removed; the piano itself, when Margaret touched it, as she did, upon some unknown impulse, gave forth no more the harsh and dissonant chords which had before distracted the ear, but the sweet, harmonious sounds of a well-made instrument, perfectly in tune. The dry, withered, dust-covered plant was gone from its stand, and a beautiful damask rose, with one open flower and a single bud growing beside it, had been placed there in its stead.

While they were observing these things and looking from one to another with surprise, wondering what would happen next, Septimus, who, with others, had taken advantage of the now open window to go out upon the balcony, exclaimed,

"There he is; there's Mr. Winterblossom himself."

There he was indeed, passing the house on the farther side of the road, and looking up at it askance and shyly.

Three or four boys and a girl or two rushed out instantly and pounced upon him.

"We have got you now," they cried. "Come in, please; mother wants to see you, and we do not intend to let you go; so come in, do; you must."

Mr. Winterblossom, yielding to the necessity, suffered himself to be led into the house, and was assisted, both in front and rear, in mounting the stairs to the drawing-room. The children then left him, at a signal from their mother, and he found himself alone with Mrs. Arrowsmith.

"How can I thank you," she began, "for your extraordinary kindness?"

"By saying nothing about it," he answered abruptly, turning away from her.

As often as she began again with any word of grateful acknowledgment he checked her, till at last, fearing that he would go away and leave her, she desisted, and for some moments neither of them spoke.

"About the house," she said at length; "we can leave it now at any time."

"There is no hurry," he replied. "Stay and make use of it. I shall be glad to know that it is occupied; it has been shut up too long."

He laid his hand upon his heart. That also had been shut up too long; but it seemed to be open again now.

"The piano has been tuned," he said. "Margaret—your daughter—plays, I know."

"Oh, yes; Margaret plays very nicely."

"Let her use it. If I may call now and then—"

Mrs. Arrowsmith would have sent for Margaret at once and bid her play something then and there; but that was not what Mr. Winterblossom wanted. "I will pay you a longer visit next time," he said, and went away without speaking again to any one.

He returned, the same evening, and stayed a long while, and the next day Mrs. Arrowsmith wrote to her husband by the early post, begging him to come down to Hastings at once, if only for a few hours, as she had something of great importance to communicate. Mr. Winterblossom also, she assured him, was anxious for an interview, and would no longer avoid him; but she could not write about it; he must come himself and hear what she had to tell him.

He came the same night.

"We can go back to Peckham at once," were his first words almost. "It was a false alarm about fever, as you know, and the house is quite ready."

"I am glad of that, John Henry, but we need not go home at present."

"It's about time, though, and there's an advertisement in the 'Times'—I have brought it with me—which it would be as well for Margaret to answer; a good situation as governess, if she can get it."

"Margaret will not want another situation as governess, I think," said Mrs. Arrowsmith, grandly.

"Unless I am very much mistaken, Mr. Winterblossom and Margaret—understand each other."

"You don't mean it! Has anything been said?"

Mrs. Arrowsmith looked grave. Not even John Henry could be admitted to full confidence on such a subject as that lightly and without some form of ceremony.

"It is not to be talked about at present," she said.

"But is it settled? Has he spoken? Are they engaged?"

"I can't tell you here in the passage, with all the children running about."

It was told, however, then and there, without need of further words.

"He will make her very happy," Mr. Arrowsmith said. "He is a good man; and one so true and constant in his affection as he has shown himself would not ask any woman to be his wife unless he were really devoted to her."

"I always thought he would take to Margaret," Mrs. Arrowsmith replied.

"He couldn't help it after seeing her and knowing her. When does John return to Liverpool?"

"That is another thing that I wanted to speak to you about. He talks of going immediately."

"I suppose they want him."

"Yes, and he is anxious to get back. Some day we must go and pay him a visit there. He talks a great deal about Emily—his cousin, you know—and wants us to see her. I think she must be fond of him too, only they are so young."

"Plenty of time for that," Mr. Arrowsmith answered. "It would be a capital match for him—capital; but he must not think of such things at present."

"Of course not. Still, I do think seriously that we may look forward to it—quietly, you know—without saying anything to anybody."

"He would have his foot in the business permanently then—a double partnership, of course."

"Yes, and in the meantime Tom Walrus has written, by his father's desire, to say that John can bring one of his brothers down with him if he likes. Augustus Sealey is not likely to return, and the other clerks are beginning to complain of having more than their share of work, so there is an opening for some one in the office."

"The idea had already occurred to me that there might be a vacancy," Mr. Arrowsmith remarked. "It is very easy at any time to add to your staff of employés, but very difficult to reduce the number. Mr. Augustus does not seem to have been of much use when in the counting-house, but his departure would, of course, leave a vacancy. Alfred may as well go and show himself. He is young, but—"

"They have sent for him and he must go," Mrs. Arrowsmith replied, decidedly.

"We shall miss him," her husband went on; "there will be three gone; we shall miss them all very much."

"And Mr. Winterblossom, it seems, has taken a great fancy to Octavia, and would like her to live with him when he is married. It will be company

for Margaret, he says, and she can go to a good school here and have masters. He will take care of her and bring her up as if she were his own child; that will be four off our hands."

"Stop, stop!" Mr. Arrowsmith exclaimed, with a gesture of alarm. "It is very kind of Mr. Winterblossom, but I don't know what to say to it. John, Margaret, Alfred, Octavia, all going off at once; it takes away my breath. Why, there will be no one left!"

"Only seven," Mrs. Arrowsmith replied; "only seven, including Decimus."

They were silent for a moment. One thought possessed them both: "Yes, God be praised, including Decimus," the dear child over whom they had so lately wept and prayed together, believing that he was to be taken from them.

"You will never say again that there are too many by half, shall you, John Henry?"

"No, my dear, never."

### THE BATTLE OF PRESTONPANS.

THE parish in which this battle was fought, and from which it has received its name, is situated on the shores of the Firth of Forth, and is about ten miles on the east of Edinburgh. It is in a territorial sense a small parish, its inhabitants residing almost wholly in the town of Prestonpans and in the village of Preston. The population is somewhat more than 2,000, who are mostly miners and fishermen, though a small proportion engage in agricultural and commercial pursuits.

The battle was fought on the 21st of September, 1745, and though the battle proper lasted only some ten or fifteen minutes, or less, yet in the fight and in the pursuit there was terrible slaughter. The leader of the royalist forces was Sir John Cope, then in command of the king's forces in Scotland. Whatever his previous reputation, it was not increased by his conduct in this battle. It is not alleged that he was deficient in courage, but probably in foresight and generalship. But, be this as it may, he was subsequently brought to trial for his conduct on the occasion, and was acquitted. At the head of the rebel army, chiefly Highlanders, was Prince Charles Stuart, known in history as the Young Pretender. Charles was the son of James VIII, who was at the head of the previous insurrection of 1715, and of Clementina, granddaughter of John Sobieski, the heroic king of Poland. He was born in 1720, and was therefore at the time of the battle about twenty-five years of age. What his personal appearance was we may gather from the following description of him which is given by one who was present at an interview that took place between the prince and Clanranald, one of the Highland rebel chiefs. "There entered the tent," says the writer, "a tall youth, of a most agreeable aspect, dressed in a plain black coat, with a plain shirt (not very clean), a cambric stock fixed with a plain silver buckle, a fair round wig out of the buckle, a plain hat with a canvas string, one end of which was fixed to one of his coat buttons, black stockings, and brass buckles in his shoes—that is to say, the habit of a student of the Scots College in Paris."

The forces on each side were numerically not much different, though the army of the prince was somewhat larger than that of his antagonist. The day before the battle Sir John Cope arrived

on the ground which was destined to be the scene of his defeat, if not of his disgrace, on the morrow. It was a level piece of land, with the sea behind him, with a broad, deep morass before him, with the village of Preston on his right, and with the village of Seton and a small marsh on his left. The insurgent army, which had reached Tranent by way of Musselburgh and Carberryhill in the afternoon of the day preceding the battle, took up their position in and around the churchyard of Tranent, facing the enemy, with the morass between them. During the afternoon and evening several attempts were made by the rebel army to get into conflict with their antagonists, but, owing to the deep morass that intervened and other obstacles, these were unsuccessful. At length, when night closed in upon them, both armies were exactly in the same position they were in when they first came in sight of each other, the one facing the village of Tranent and the other facing the morass. At this period, some one coming up to the churchyard asked where Cope's army was, and received for a reply what has taken the form of a proverb—"Why, they're just where they were, wi' their face to Tranent."

During the night there was an almost total suspension of hostilities. The royalists remained in the same position, but the rebels moved a little eastward, and both waited anxiously the return of the day. But an incident occurred at an early hour of the morning, which had a great influence on the fortunes of the approaching day. A young man of the name of Anderson presented himself before some of the leaders of the rebel army, and informed them that he would undertake to lead them across the morass without being seen by the enemy. This proposal was approved of by Prince Charles and his council of chieftains, and it was resolved to follow the guidance of this young man. Accordingly, about three in the morning of the 21st, they began to move in the direction agreed on, and for a while they were allowed to pass on unseen and unchallenged. They were first of all hidden by the darkness and then by a heavy mist. But just as they were about to enter the pathway across the morass they were discovered by some dragoons on the other side, who were stationed there as an advanced guard. These dragoons shouted out, "Who goes there?" But



there was no response. Then, perceiving who they were, they fired their pieces, and rode off to give the alarm.

In a little time the two armies were facing each other and were about to begin the combat. Before doing so Charles addressed his men in the following words: "Follow me, gentlemen; by the assistance of God I will this day make you a free and happy people."

The English general also addressed his army, but in bolder phrases. "Gentlemen, you are just now to engage with a parcel of rabble—a parcel of brutes!—being a small number of Scotch Highlanders. You can expect no booty from such a despicable pack. I have authority to declare that you shall have eight full hours' liberty to plunder and pillage the city of Edinburgh, Leith, and suburbs [the places which harboured and succoured them] at your discretion with impunity."

The battle then began, but Cope's army were taken by surprise and speedily routed. "There never was a victory more complete," says Sir Walter Scott. "Of the infantry—2,500 men or thereabout—scarce 200 escaped; the rest were either slain or made prisoners." The panic was so general, the fear so great, in Cope's army, that his men seemed to have lost all courage and abandoned all thought of defending themselves. In illustration of this it may be mentioned that a young Highlander, who was only fourteen years of age, was reported to have killed fourteen of the enemy. The prince, on hearing this report, sent for the young man and asked him if it was true. "I do not know," he said, "if I killed them, but I brought fourteen soldiers to the ground with my sword."

But in the midst of this prevailing panic there was one small party, but only one, out of the whole army, that had the courage to do its duty and to make any resistance. Colonel Gardiner, who had been deserted by his own troops, put himself at the head of this party, and under him they offered a brave resistance. But at length this brave and pious officer fell, pierced with many wounds, and then the brave band fled, but not till they also had suffered severely. The fate of Colonel Gardiner was bewailed by both parties, and each lamented the loss of one who was both brave and good. The tradition is that his servant, who was deeply attached to him, borrowed clothes from the miller, and in this disguise conveyed his dying master to the manse of Tranent. There, it is said, the two daughters of the minister of a neighbouring parish were on a visit; and when Gardiner was carried in one of them had him taken to a bedroom, where she kindly ministered to him. Shortly afterwards some of the Highlanders came in pursuit, and were shown into the kitchen. The other daughter was there superintending, it is said, the cooking of a saddle of mutton. The hungry Highlanders were arrested by the culinary attractions, and the young lady so eagerly and abundantly regaled them that they forgot their errand, and Gardiner was allowed to die in peace.

The misfortunes of the day were chiefly attributed to Sir John Cope, who, with about four hundred and fifty horsemen, fled from the battle-

field, and reached Coldstream that night, which is nearly forty miles distant. His conduct was not allowed to pass without comment or censure, and in a satirical song which is widely known.

There is another poem in connection with the battle which gave rise to an amusing story. The author was Mr. Skirbing, a farmer in the neighbourhood, and in one of his verses he refers to what was supposed to be the cowardice of a Lieutenant Smith, and insinuates that if he had been courageous he would have saved one of the officers from the injury he sustained at the battle. The poem is as follows—or rather the part of it that refers to this transaction:—

"And Major Bowle, that worthy soul,  
Was brought down to the ground, man.  
His horse being shot, it was his lot  
For to get many a wound, man.  
Lieutenant Smith, of Irish birth,  
Frae whom he called for aid, man,  
But, full of dread, lap o'er his head,  
And wadna be gainsaid, man.

He made sic haste, sae spurr'd his beast,  
'Twas little there he saw, man,  
To Berwick rode, and falsely said,  
The Scots were rebels a' man.  
But let that end, for weel 'tis ken'd  
His use and wont's to lie, man;  
The Teague is nought, he never fought,  
When he had room to flee, man."

The lieutenant was made aware of these verses, and came to Haddington to settle matters with the author. The challenge was duly taken out by a messenger, and on reading it the honest farmer addressed him as follows: "I see this is frae yer maister, and he wants me to gie him satisfaction. But gang awa' back to Haddington and tell him that I am very busy; but say that if he likes to come ower this length I'll tak' a look at him, and if I think I can fecht him, I'll fecht him; but if no, I'll just doe as he did at the Battle o' Prestonpans—I'll rin awa'!"

### The "Golden" Wedding-Day.

So silently ye speed, swift-footed years,  
That we scarce deem you moving, till some stroke  
On the great clock of time arrests our sense  
And quickens the dull pulse of consciousness.  
Your golden wedding-day! forgive me, friends,  
If my love chide it, coming all too soon,  
Yet, chiding, spring to do it reverence,  
And twine my sprig of myrtle in your crown.  
A golden day in truth! no metal else  
Untarnished bears the test of fifty years  
But only purest gold: aye! golden too  
As is the glory of the sun, when he,  
His day's work done, stoops to the western sea.  
Methinks I see you turn to give a glance  
Back down this gentle slope of happy years,  
And glow with thankfulness that the bright ray  
That fired erewhile Hope's torch has broadened out  
Into the ampler joy of mated souls,  
Into this perfect light of golden love!

H. W. H.



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GRANDMOTHER'S BOOK OF LEGENDS.



## A GERMAN WINTER SCHOOL OF AGRICULTURE.

THE agricultural winter schools and colleges of Germany are not State institutions, but are under the management and control of the different provincial agricultural unions—"Landwirthschaft lichen Verein." I propose to give a brief account of what I myself saw in the Upper Eifel; and first a few words on this district.

West of the Rhine, and bounded by the River Ahr on the north, and by the Moselle on the south, within a triangle, of which it may be said Bonn, Coblenz, and Trèves—that most interesting of the old Roman cities of Germany—form the points, is a mountainous region of volcanic origin, which is full of interest to the geologist, whilst the romantic picturesqueness of its deep gorges, defiles, old castles, beech and pine woods, charms the lover of the beautiful. The trout of the Lieser and the Kyll, the pike and carp abounding in the curious maars (meres), and even the wild boars which still inhabit the extensive forests, attract the angler and the huntsman. Sixteen large wild boars were killed last winter close to the village of Manderscheid, in the Upper Eifel, as the region of which I write is called. The Lower Eifel is better known to English tourists, as it is easily reached from Brohl on the Rhine or Andernach. Most travellers have visited the lake called Laacher See, but comparatively few of our countrymen have mounted the Mosenberg, and seen, or even heard of, the beautiful Gmünder Maar, the Weinfelder and Pulver Maar of the Upper Eifel, which lie in the midst of scenery grander and more satisfying than anything about the Rhine.

Manderscheid is a primitive little village; its one street runs winding down the hillside until it ends on the verge of a deep and lovely valley, through which the Lieser runs, enclosing in its many turnings two lofty Devonian rocks, on which are the fine ruins of the castles of the counts of Manderscheid. At the foot of these is Lower Manderscheid, charmingly picturesque with its buff and white houses, their dark beams and rafters, and red-tiled roofs. A path through the wooded sides of the mountain leads up to a resting-place, called the Belvedere, where a large portion of an old stone pillar—once part of a Roman villa on the top of the Mosenberg, over 2,000 feet high—has been placed.

The extensive high-lying plateau of the Upper Eifel above the village is well cultivated; chiefly in patches of land owned by small peasant farmers—"Bauern"—living in the hamlets and villages round. Almost every cottager, mechanic, and small tradesman, poor as he would seem to us, has his piece of ground, from which he mainly lives. The women wear only "homespun," and the men cloth, which is woven by their own local weavers. The people are devout; one may say to the length of superstition. I was fortunate in being amongst them during the time of their annual fair, and it was curious but pretty, at the Sunday morning service with which begins the

"Kirmess," as it is called, to see the children, one apparently from each house, coming into church with great nosegays composed of different grasses, grain, and even onions, and forming a group before the altar, the girls bareheaded, with hair neatly braided and plaited. They brought their nosegays to be blessed by the priest; afterwards the bunch would be divided and placed in bits about the houses and in the fields, in order, as they believe, to bring down God's blessing on home and harvest! Over the doors of some houses along the mountain roads a great bough is still hung out, to show that travellers may get refreshment there. This is common in other countries, and used to be seen in England also. The custom is referred to in the old proverb, "Good wine needs no bush."

Early every morning the swineherd, a sturdy old man, blows a horn through the long village street as he collects the pigs, to drive them out to feed for the day in the open country. No easy task is his, as there is nothing but his watchful eye and stout whip to keep them off the crops and confine their grubbing to legitimate pastures. At night he leaves each at its own "master's cot." He is paid for his cares in most primitive fashion, each owner having to feed him for one, two, or more days in the month, according to the number of swine he may have committed to the charge of the herdsman.

Since my return home I have discovered that Charles Kingsley once made a walking tour through the Upper Eifel, and he appreciated this most interesting region thoroughly. I may be allowed to quote from a letter of his, dated "Manderscheid, August 7th, 1851."—"I write from the loveliest place you can imagine, only how we got here I know not, having lost our way between some 'feld' or other to here. We found ourselves, about eight p.m. last night, at the top of a cliff 500 feet high, with a roaring river at the bottom and no path. So down the cliff-face we had to come in the dark, or sleep in the forest, to be eaten by wild boars and wolves, of which latter one was seen on our route yesterday 'as high as the table.' And down we came, knapsacks, fishing-rods and all, which process must not be repeated often if we intend to revisit our native shores. I have seen such wonders I don't know where to begin. Craters, filled sometimes with ghastly blue lakes, with shores of volcanic dust, and sometimes, quaintly enough, by rye-fields and reapers. The roads are mended with lava; the whole country the strangest jumble, alternations of Cambridgeshire ugliness—only lifted 1,200 feet high—with all the beauties of Devonshire. The bed of the Issbach, from the Baths of Bertrich, up which we came yesterday, was the most ravishingly beautiful glen scenery I ever saw; such rocks, such baths, such mountains, covered with huge timber—not mere scrub, like the Rhine forests. Such strips of lawn here and there be-

tween the stream and the wood. . . . At two or three points one felt only inclined to worship. . . . Mountains fallen in, and making great lakes in the midst of corn-land; hills blown up with the wildest perpendicular crags, and roasted into dust; craters with the lips so perfect that the fire might have been blazing in them twelve months ago; heaps of slag and cinder 2,500 feet above the sea, on which nothing will grow, so burnt are they; lava streams pouring down into the valley, meeting with brooks, drying them up, and in the fight foaming up into cliffs, and hurling huge masses of trachyte far into the dells." Further on, writing of the Schalcken Maaren, he says, "Three crater lakes in one mountain, which, being past all words beautiful, and wonderful, and awful, I will say no more."

The lava streams alluded to remind me of Horngraben, a deep glen near Manderscheid, where is an upright cliff rising precipitously 200 feet, formed by a stream of basaltic lava which once came running down from the Mosenberg—in some places three-quarters of a mile broad and 100 feet thick. Reaching the edge of the lofty bank above the River Kyll, it leaped over and cooled, so as to form a perpendicular wall. Such is the character of the country in which live the people for whose benefit the winter school of agriculture is established of which my paper tells. It was opened two years ago, and is already fairly attended. The advantages of such instruction as it offers, in an extensive district owned and farmed by small peasant proprietors, who have otherwise few chances of technical education and mental improvement, are obvious.

To come now to my more especial subject, the school of Manderscheid was instituted by the Union of the Rhine Provinces, of which Herr von Rath is President. Landowners are entitled to membership of the Union by subscription, the lowest being three marks (shillings) yearly, which is small enough surely to embrace the poorest. The country is divided into districts. At the head of each winter school a director is placed, whose work it is not only to manage and give the most important instruction to its regular students, but also to travel over the whole district during the summer months, lecturing at Wittlich, Cochem on the Moselle, Daun, Adenau, and many villages, and holding meetings, to which all members of the Union are invited. At these meetings any cattle or plant disease which may be troubling the farmers is discussed, and the director is willing to give advice privately to any individual member who may desire it. He also attends the cattle fairs in his circuit, examining the beasts brought, and, if necessary, condemning; helping the small capitalist in the buying of his stock with his knowledge and judgment; in fact, he must be a travelling encyclopædia of chemistry, agriculture, zoology, and natural history generally.

The winter school, according to its prospectus, is intended to afford to lads and young men, especially the sons of farmers, an opportunity of supplementing their earlier education by two winter sessions, which shall enable them to acquire the knowledge specially necessary to them

as landowners and cattle-breeders, without interfering with their practical activities between the months of March and November.

The burgomasters of the different villages are requested to do all in their power to induce the young people to attend the school, and to bring its advantages within reach of all. The terms for the whole winter session are fixed at twenty marks (shillings) inclusive, or for two brothers at fifteen shillings each. Youths really unable to pay are taken for less, and sometimes without any payment, the Union defraying all expenses. Those who have successfully passed through an elementary school are eligible as students between the ages of fourteen and twenty-five. The director undertakes to secure respectable board and lodging amongst the village families at from five to six shillings a week. Students may only change their place of abode with his permission. The teachers exercise a supervision over their private lives, and are expected to visit them at home, and to support them with advice and practical help. A regular attendance at church is compulsory, as well as "a conscientious fulfilment of religious duties," and it is the office of one teacher to see that the attendance at Divine service is properly carried out.

Each student must go through two winter sessions, the course of study for the second being so planned as to supplement the first. In last year's report we find the subjects taken were:

1. The elements of chemistry, especially those most important to the agriculturist, together with their organic combinations.
2. The cultivation of vegetables: natural history of the vegetable kingdom; the life and nourishment of plants; the study and knowledge of manures. Special division: the culture of the most important plants, with special reference to those diseases which are caused by animal and vegetable parasites; the cultivation of fruit-trees and the kitchen garden.
3. Physics: light, heat, meteorology.
4. The principles of management: labour, capital, farm organisation.
5. Elementary and auxiliary subjects: the German language, arithmetic, the surveying and measuring of land, drawing.

The list of subjects to be taken this winter included:

1. The principles of chemistry: those elements essential to the agriculturist, with their inorganic combinations.
2. Geology and knowledge of soils: the tillage of the ground with regard to its nourishment, improvement, etc.
3. Natural history of the animal kingdom, especially that of our domestic animals.
4. General principles of breeding, laws and rules of nourishment. Special breeding, including dairy management.
5. Physics: mechanics, electricity.
6. Principles of management: book-keeping, taxation, laws affecting partnerships and assurances, organisations and unions belonging to agriculture, especially control stations (?) for manures, fodder, and seed-grain.
7. The German language, arithmetic, land-measuring and surveying, drawing.

The director gives instruction in chemistry; in all pertaining to the breeding and rearing of animals, culture of plants, of pasture lands, of the vineyard, etc. The Government land-surveyor teaches geometry, surveying, and drawing. The



head forester gives a weekly lesson on the culture of fruit and forest-trees; and the chaplain gives instruction in physics. Besides these there is a special teacher for elementary subjects. Of the five text-books quoted as in use at present, it is interesting to us to note that whilst the two on agriculture are by German authors, the other three are by our own countrymen, namely, Roscoe's "Chemistry," Balfour Stewart's "Physics," and Geikie's "Elements of Geology."

The school opens at eight o'clock a.m., and closes at four, with an interval of two hours at noon. From five till seven is preparation time, under the eye of a teacher. Every Friday evening there is a general meeting, open to the public, at which the students are encouraged to speak, so as to develop independence of thought and to rouse dormant intelligence. Now and then the director lectures at these meetings, and occasionally special lectures on milking and the management of the dairy are given to women, which are always so well attended that the regular students are excluded for want of room.

On fine afternoons excursions are made into the surrounding neighbourhood, where practical lessons in surveying and in other subjects are given; and from time to time longer expeditions, under the guidance of the director, to inspect distant factories, saw-mills, or more extensive farms than their own.

I talked with many of the poorer inhabitants—such as would be ordinary farm labourers with us—and when I contrasted their intelligence and their educational advantages—isolated as they are in the Upper Eifel, without a bookseller's shop nearer than at Wittlich, which is about fourteen miles distant—with that of our own agricultural population, I felt ashamed at the difference.

In a wood outside the village I fell in with some bareheaded little girls one afternoon. They were collecting specimens of the different fungi. "What are you going to do with those?" I asked. "Don't you know that they are poisonous?" "We are getting them for our teacher," was the answer; "she is going to teach us all about them in the school to-morrow."

Wandering one day over a wide cultivated stretch of land, to which I had found my way on an ox-waggon, I paused to see how I could get across to a fir wood, which had been improved and made enjoyable by the "Beautifying Union" (Verschönerungs Verein) of the village. These societies are like our Kyrle Society. Each town and village seems to have one. I feared to trespass on the mangel wurzel or corn-patches of the peasants. "You can cross right over there!" cried, in good English, a man in a blue blouse driving an oxen team. I began immediately to interview the speaker. He told me he had lived three years in America, near to Chicago, and had lately returned to Manderscheid. "Did you not like the States, then?" I asked. "Surely this is a poorer country than America?" "I liked it very well," he replied, "and I could do well there, too, but, you see, the father and mother were getting old, and they wanted me to come back to help them work our piece of land here."

There is no doubt that the consciousness of owning and farming his own patch of land has an ennobling effect on the German peasant. In speaking of these peasants of the Upper Eifel, Charles Kingsley said, truly, "This Germany is a wonderful country—although its population are not members of the Church of England—and as noble, simple, shrewd, kindly hearts in it as man would wish to see. I cannot tell you what moral good this whole journey has done me. I am learning hourly so much that I do not know how much I have learnt."

At Manderscheid is a homely, comfortable inn, where one might stay contentedly and economically for months, and find ample subjects of interest within walking distance. The place is little known yet, even by Germans, which makes it all the more delightful. It is reached by post diligence, at a very cheap fare, from Kyllburg on the line of railroad between Cologne and Trèves, or from Wittlich on the Moselle line in the same way, each being about three hours' distant. I know of no place on the Continent, so easily accessible, where one can spend as enjoyable a vacation, and, I may add, spend as little money.

J. A. OWEN

## ÆSOP IN MONGOLIA.

THE following fables are selected from a number which a Mongol teacher dictated in his attempts to familiarise me with the language. It will be seen at a glance that most of them are not native to the country, but come from a land abounding with sights and scenes unknown to Mongolia. The teacher afterwards committed them to writing; but whether he copied them from a book, or merely wrote them from memory, and added the "Morals" "out of his own head," it is impossible to say.

### I.—THE REFORMED CAT.

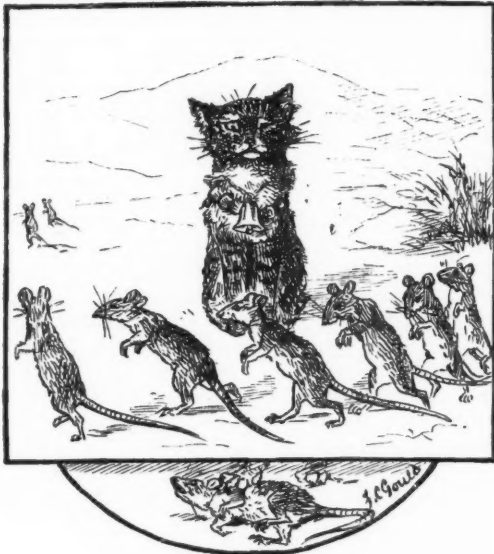
A cat was in the habit of stealing many things from a lama, and last of all stole his rosary. The lama gave chase, and seized the animal by the tail

just as it was entering a hole. Pulling lustily, the tail gave way, and the cat, in pain and destitute of food, was soon reduced to great straits. With a view to improve her condition she hung the rosary on her neck, and went out to a convenient



place on the plain. By-and-by a field rat saw her and was about to flee, when the cat hailed her, and said, "Don't be afraid, my child; I am a cat that has taken holy orders; I don't destroy life; I do nothing wicked. I exhort you to lead a holy life like me."

The news spread among the rat tribe, and they gathered in numbers to hear the cat chant prayers (purring). At the conclusion of the service, the



THE LAST ONE SHE DEVoured.

cat told them to form into a procession, march round her from left to right in single file, and depart one by one to their several holes. The last one she devoured.

This continued some length of time, and the rat tribe gradually decreased till it became a subject of remark and suspicions were excited. The leader of the rats, taking a companion, contrived to keep a watch, and finding hair and bones, their worst suspicions were confirmed. Next day, after service, the leader of the rats asked the cat, "O teacher, on what sort of food do you deign to live?" "I live on dry leaves and grass," the cat replied. The leader next called a mass meeting of the rats, related to them their suspicions, and gave orders to have a bell and a rope stolen from the abode of some man. The bell would be suspended from the neck of the cat, and if on any occasion after a service the bell should be heard to tinkle, they were all to turn back and see what was up. The bell was procured, and at next service the leader of the rats, in a complimentary speech, presented the teacher with an ornament, and, suiting the action to the word, hung the bell from the cat's neck. After the close of the service, as all were going home, suddenly the bell sounded, and hurrying back, the cat was seen in the act of devouring a rat. The leader thus addressed her: "O teacher, you have fattened, but we have become few, and have not flourished under this religion. We now invite our teacher to

return to your own place, but before you go tell us how it happens that though you eat grass only there are so many traces of bones and hair." The rats then left for their own abodes; and the cat, taking it to heart that all the trouble arose from careless waste, took to wiser ways.

*Moral.* Murder will out.

## II.—THE BLIND TORTOISE IN THE WELL.

A blind tortoise lived in a well. Another tortoise, a native of the ocean, in its inland travels, happened to tumble into this well. The blind one asked of his new comrade whence he came. "From the sea." Hearing of the sea, he of the well swam round a little circle and asked: "Is the water of the ocean as large as this?" "Larger," replied he of the sea. The well tortoise then swam round two-thirds of the well, and asked if the sea was as big as that. "Much larger than that," said the sea tortoise. "Well, then," asked the blind tortoise, "is the sea as large as this whole well?" "Larger," said the sea tortoise. "If that is so," said the well tortoise, "how big, then, is the sea?" The sea tortoise replied: "You having never seen any other water than that of your well, your capability of understanding is small. As to the ocean, though you spent many years in it, you would never be able to explore the half of it, nor to reach the limit, and it is utterly impossible to compare it with this well of yours."



IT CANNOT BE TRUE.

The tortoise replied: "It is impossible that there can be a larger water than this well; you are simply praising up your native place with vain words."

*Moral.* People of small attainments, who cannot conceive of the acquirements of men of great abilities, and who pride themselves on their own learning and talent, are like the blind tortoise in the well.

J. GILMOUR.

## EASTERN PROVERBS.

**M**ANKIND is one. The squat Eskimo, who lives on blubber, and fights for his life with snow and ice, is the same animal as the stately high-bred Englishman fed on artificial food and begirt with refinement. The oily negro, basking out his lazy life, is still the same as regards structure, and shows his sameness by his diversity. All three are examples of the same animal type adapting itself to shifting conditions of climate and temperature.

It is equally true, though perhaps harder to believe, that mankind is one in moral structure. The Englishman, as he ought to be, knows not a lie; the Hindoo too often lives in lies. The free nations of the West, to borrow a phrase from Virgil, have put fate beneath their feet. The Turk is fast bound by fate. The Irishman, in his happy-go-lucky way, lives for to-day; the Frenchman, lively Celt though he be, has thrift and foresight. So we might go on, fetching up points of contrast between nations near and afar off. When we have stripped off their peculiarities, the accidents of each, we shall find the same moral framework underlying the varied exterior. In all there is a recognition of Providence; in all a sense of responsibility; in all a respect for truth, whether it is practised or not. There is the same weariness of trifling, the same admiration of a man in earnest, and, most deeply seated of all, the power of conscience holds universal sway. The religious atmosphere varies as the sun and sky in different lands. Christianity fosters truth, some forms of idolatry encourage lying; one religion calls for self-devotion, another panders to selfishness; one calls upon a man for effort, another leaves him to drift upon the tide; the influence of one faith is to encourage tenderness, of another to develop reckless cruelty. These influences cannot but leave their mark on man's moral nature; the devotee grows like his idol. Yet, even in its debasement, human nature claims kindred with the upright and divine.

This is most clearly seen in the proverbs current among different nations. Take any number of topics, commonplace or not, that have to do with man as a moral being, and you will find the voice of mankind to be one. Such are the flight of time, the wisdom of moderation, the loathsomeness of hypocrisy, the emptiness of self-conceit, the gracefulness of humility, the worth of a good wife, the strength given by a happy marriage; on none of these do you hear a discordant note from any land.

Proverbs may be looked upon as the hoard of a nation's wisdom, the silent unconscious accumulation that grows up in a long lapse of time. There is no system in them; each is a grain of thought with a life of its own. A scheme of philosophy, a form of religious belief, may be traced to one man, who framed it and imposed it on his countrymen. Proverbs are the work of the many. It is not given to one man to hit off in choice

words many maxims that shall last for ages. Enough if he frames one and dies; his work lives, and by the tongues of the many it is passed on to the next age. Thus the store grows.

These reflections have been suggested by the perusal of a work entitled "Eastern Proverbs and Emblems illustrating Old Truths,"\* by the Rev. J. Long. Whatever the defects of this volume, it presents material of much interest. Mr. Long has seen much of missionary life, and has had opportunities of judging what sort of preaching is most suited to Eastern people. A preliminary notice attached to the volume indicates an intention of supplying native teachers and catechists with a stock of such proverbs as would enable them to deliver a home-thrust to the audience. The author imagines that they may also be useful at home in engaging the attention of children and working men. On this point there may be a difference of opinion, as every public speaker ought to know what weapons he can use most effectively. If, however, he has a facility in using proverbs, Mr. Long has certainly provided him with a rich assortment. They are taken from many languages and dialects of the East; from so many, indeed, that a description of the several sources would occupy a large space. Some are from Russian and Modern Greek, border tongues between the West and East. In accordance with the author's design they are classed under various texts of Scripture. The following may serve as specimens. In Solomon's Proverbs, chap. xxiii. 5, we find "Riches take to themselves wings, and fly away as an eagle toward heaven." Our author gives these parallel sayings:—

*Arab*.—Riches diminish in the using, wisdom increases by use.

*Turk*.—Every ascent has a descent.

*Afghan*.—Wealth is a Hindoo's beard—i.e., uncertain. The Hindoos shave when in mourning, which often occurs, as the family connections are numerous.

*Telugu*.—Worldly prosperity is like writing on water.

*Telugu*.—Riches flourish, like the charms of women, for a season, but rapidly fade away; as moonlight dies when a cloud passes over the sky.

*Bengali*.—Riches are like a tree on a river bank.

*Bengali*.—The boat is now carried on the cart, and now the cart on the boat.

*Hindi*.—Fleeting as the sunshine of noon.

*Mahamudgar*.—Boast not of wealth, family, youth; fortune takes them all away in the twinkling of an eye.

*Lalita Vistara*.—Everything compounded is soon dissolved; frail as a vessel of earth or a city of sand.

*Prashotar Mala*.—What is unsteady as the water-drops on the lotus leaf? Youth, riches, life.

Under the head "The righteous are watchmen" are found these:—

*Malay*.—The crow knows the instant we look at it, and the bison will perceive the approach of the hunter.

\* "Eastern Proverbs and Emblems illustrating Old Truths." By the Rev. J. Long, Member of the Bengal Asiatic Society, F.R.G.S. Trübner.

*Kurd.*—Think of the wolf, but keep a rod in readiness for him.

*Basques.*—When you have the wolf in your company, you ought to have the dog at your side.

*Modern Greek.*—When the fox is hungry he pretends that he is asleep—*i.e.*, in order to catch the chickens.

*Arab.*—"The mouse fell from the roof. Take some refreshment," said the cat. "Stand thou off," was the reply—*i.e.*, trust not an enemy.

*Arab.*—They trusted the key of the pigeon-house to the cat.

*Welsh.*—The fence of a bad farmer is full of gaps.

*Tamul.*—Like a cat on a wall watching his position.

*Bengali.*—The fowl knows the serpent's sneezing.

*Talmud.*—Repent a day before your death.

*Afghan.*—Though the cock crows not, morning will come.

*Servian.*—When you go as a guest to the wolf, see that you have a hound with you.

Job says, "My days are swifter than a post." Here are several versions of the same:—

*Italian.*—Time is an inaudible file.

*Greek.*—Man is a bubble.

*Bengali.*—There is no hand to catch time.

*Canarese.*—Life is a lamp exposed to the wind.

*Arab.*—Who is able to restore what was yesterday, or to plaster over the rays of the sun?

*Persian.*—The best teacher is time.

*Chinese.*—As wave follows wave, so new men take old men's places.

*Chinese.*—Men live like birds together in a wood :  
When the time comes each takes his flight.

*Chinese.*—A generation is like a swift horse passing a crevice.

*Chinese.*—When we take off our boots and stockings to-day,  
That we shall wear them to-morrow who can say?

*Canarese.*—The pearl though originating in water does not become water again.

*Oriental.*—The world has nothing constant but its instability.

*Arab.*—Every day in thy life is a leaf in thy history.

*Kathā Saritsāgar.*—The rivers, the flowers, the moon's phases disappear, but return ; not so youth.

St. Paul's words, "Now we see through a glass darkly," are thus illustrated:—

*Russian.*—At night all cats are grey.

*Tamul.*—As the blind quarrelled about an elephant they had examined.

*Afghan.*—The frog mounted on a clod said he had seen Kashmir.

*Japanese.*—A small-minded man looks at the sky through a reed.

*Japanese.*—To lap up the ocean with a shell.

*Japanese.*—The frog in the well sees nothing of the high seas.

*Chinese.*—Sitting in a well and staring at the stars.

*Telugu.*—Like one who does not know the alphabet attempting multiplication.

*Tamul.*—Sounding the ocean with a jackal's tail.

*Russian.*—They will not see all the world by looking out of their own window.

*Prabodh Chandrody.*—How can an answer be given to him who does not comprehend his own spirit, any more than it is possible to inform a blind man respecting the figure of his body?

*Bengali.*—Many elephants cannot wade the river ; the mosquito says it is only knee deep.

*Persian.*—The legs of those who require proofs of God's existence are made of wood.

*Telugu.*—We cannot see our own forehead, our ears, or our backs ; neither can we know the hairs of our head ; if a man knows not himself, how should he know the deity?

*Sanskrit.*—He who does not go forth and explore all the earth is a well frog.

*Arab.*—The man is strange—who seeking a lost animal, suffers his own soul to be lost—who ignorant of himself seems to understand God—who doubts the existence of God when he sees His creatures.

These extracts have been given in full that the reader may judge for himself of the author's work. They show the wide range he has taken. At the same time the reader will probably miss something in the rendering of the proverbs. It must be admitted that they are not couched in the plain homespun and yet almost poetical English of our native proverbs. But, as said above, it is not every man who can make proverbs. They are the nuggets in the gold-fields of wisdom ; and perhaps it is a still harder task to translate a proverb from another tongue. "No translation reads as well as the original." If this is true of connected narratives, much more is it true of pithy sayings.

It may be doubted also whether the proverbs are always referred to their proper parallels. In the last extract the Bengali proverb about the elephants and the mosquito finds a more likely counterpart in "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread," and the Japanese "To lap up the ocean with a shell" calls up a more distinct vision of Dame Partington mopping up the Atlantic than of a man looking through a dark glass.

If there is one thing more than another that is made plain by this collection of proverbs it is that in practical matters human wisdom has always run in similar channels. In far distant lands and separated by long intervals of time you find the same thoughts and almost the same words. Take the last proverb in our third extract, and put beside it these words of the Latin poet Horace:—

"Swift moons repair heaven's losses ;  
Man's decay leaves but dust and shadow."

Scattered through the volume are parallels to various passages of Scripture not noticed by the author.

*Solomon.*—Better is a dinner of green herbs, and quietness therewith, than a house full of sacrifices and strife.

*Tamul.*—Gruel served in the house of a united family is enjoyable.

*Solomon.*—A just man falleth seven times, and riseth again.

*Japanese.*—Fall seven times, stand up the eighth time.

*Solomon.*—The contentions of a wife are a continual dropping.

*Badaga.*—A passionate wife is as bad as a house that leaks.

*Psalm cxxviii.*—Thy wife shall be as a fruitful vine by the sides of thy house.

*Mrichakato.*—Mark these stately trees clasped by twining creepers ; they resemble the manly husband and the tender wife.

*Ecclesiastes*.—That which befalleth the sons of men befalleth beasts; as the one dieth, so dieth the other.

*Bengali*.—When a cow dies, she is taken up and carried to the river. When a man dies, they cover him up and do the same.

*John x. 1, 2*, cannot fail to occur to any one reading the Russian proverb, "The priest comes to us by the trodden path; the devil comes to us by crossing the fields."

Many of the common proverbs of the West find their echoes in the East.

*Tamul*.—He lacks sense who broods over the past.

*English*.—It's no use crying over spilt milk.

*Malabar*.—By practice you may lift up even elephants.

*English*.—By carrying the calf, in the end he carried the ox.

*Kurd*.—When your house is of glass, do not throw stones at your neighbour's house.

*Chinese*.—Who flies not high falls not low.

*John Bunyan*.—He that is down needs fear no fall.

*Cingalese*.—Your hands and your feet are the same, though you go to Tuticorin.

*Latin*.—*Cælum non animum mutant, qui trans mare currunt*—i.e., Across the seas you'll find another sky, but not another soul.

*Turkish*.—A great river makes no noise.

*English*.—Still waters run deep.

*Turkish*.—Knowledge is not gained on a bed of roses.

*English*.—There is no royal road to learning.

*Modern Greek*.—He who eats flax-seed eats his own shirt.

*English*.—He killed the goose that laid the golden eggs.

And many more such parallels might be found. Not to weary the reader, here are a few of the most racy proverbs that the volume contains:—

*Turkish*.—Though the ass goes to Mecca, he becomes not a pilgrim for this.

*Russian*.—The bell calls to church, but goes not in itself.

*Chinese*.—To look at a plum is not to quench one's thirst.

*Urdu*.—If the camel could see his hump he would fall down and break his neck.

*Tamul*.—If the men be ugly, what can the glass do?

*Russian*.—A good fox has three holes.

*Chinese*.—He who cannot sleep finds his bed badly made.

Here is a proverb touching the social relations of the East:—

*Bengali*.—The landlord loves the peasant with the same love as the Mussulman has to the fowl—i.e., which he fattens in order to kill.

Another *Bengali* proverb.—A giver is like a cocoa-nut, hard without, good within; a miser is like a bamboo, hard without, but hollow within.

*Chinese*.—Wealth is but manure—i.e., useful only in being spread.

*Tamul*.—An elephant requires a goad, and boiled rice a chili.

No one can fail to remark that in all these proverbs the thread of common sense takes its hue from local surroundings. It is the mother-wit of man that leads him to condense his wisdom into proverbs, just as his innate constructiveness leads him to rear a dwelling. That dwelling is of logs or mud, or brick or stone, whichever is yielded by the land where he lives. So his common sense lays hold of the material nearest at hand to point his sayings. The Canarese talks of pearls, the Arab of camels, dwellers by rivers speak of the lotus leaf, the Malay of the betelnut, the Bengali of the elephant, and so on. Whatever the material used, its form betrays the same master hand. We conclude this article with a few sayings on polygamy, commending them to the notice of the Mormon saints. Probably they have already felt them bitterly true.

*Malay*.—Two wives under one roof; two tigers in one cage.

*Bengali*.—Who has two wives has much sorrow.

*Telugu*.—Two swords cannot be contained in one scabbard.

*Afghan*.—Who likes squabbles at home contracts two marriages.

*Tamul*.—Why fire the house of a man who has two wives?—i.e., the fire of anger and jealousy is enough.

## MANZONI, POET AND PATRIOT.

THE Italians have lately erected on the Piazza di San Fedele at Milan a statue in honour of Alessandro Manzoni. The memorial is dated May 22, 1883, his death having taken place on the same day ten years before, at the age of eighty-eight. When he passed away at this good old age, the country which he had lived to see "one, undivided, and free," mourned him with a truly national grief, and his remains, after lying in state for some days, were followed to the cemetery of Milan by a vast concourse, including the royal princes and all the great officers of State. It may be mentioned, as an indication of the national feeling, that Verdi wrote his well-known Requiem to honour his memory.

In his own land Manzoni's fame is universal, but amongst us other names have in recent times occupied a larger place in Italian history, and it may be well to recall the leading facts and incidents of his life.

Alessandro Manzoni was born at Milan, March 7, 1785. His father was representative of an old family settled near Lecco. His maternal grandfather, Cesare Beccaria, was a well-known author on jurisprudence. His mother was a woman also of some literary ability, and, what is better, a woman of good sense, and of much graciousness of mind and of presence. The custom of sending young children to the mountains with their nurses to become strong and healthy, a custom general



in Italy to the present time, was followed by the parents of the young Alessandro, who placed him with a favourite domestic who lived in a pretty cottage among the hills of Galbale. Amidst wild and beautiful scenes he passed the early years of his childhood. The hills and meadows and vineyards, where he wandered under the blue Italian sky, filled the mind of the boy with a certain quiet pleasure which gave to him a thoughtful look far above his years. At the age of fifteen he had already written poetry which gave promise of excellence. The recollection of these scenes probably found voice in his "Farewell to the Mountains."

But this time of quiet early thought came to an end when he joined the college of the Frati Somaschi, there to begin his studies. "Never can I forget," wrote Madame Manzoni to a friend, "the day I took my little Sandrino—(his pet name)—from his nurse to place him in the college of the Somaschi. Young as he was, he turned such a mournful look at that which had been his home as the carriage hurried into the road which hid it from his sight! But when I left him behind those gates his passionate grief was sad to see, and, as I afterwards heard, the want of genial, loving treatment seems to have crushed all the childlike gaiety from his heart, and made the good Frate of the college vote him their worst scholar."

Last in his class, never up in his lessons, the most terrible epithets were showered on him. "Brecone!" "Duroteste!" "Asino!" and others were in everyday use, not perhaps without some reason, for it appears that for a time at least his soul was wandering among the green mountain slopes and vineyards of his country home, whilst his body was shut within the cold grey walls of his college.

There is little doubt that these Frate knew not how to treat a child's natural grief at leaving his home, for when, with his little face pressed close to the tall iron gates to catch a last look at his mother's retreating figure, he could not be comforted, one of them thrust the red cross he wore into the boy's face, telling him to look on that and cease weeping.

This sort of cold treatment seems to have rendered the little student stolidly indifferent to all the correction he received; he was nervous, irritable, and almost always badly prepared with his lessons. The castigation in consequence inflicted on so young a child seemed to deaden his spirit, and he got little benefit from his first school.

A better prospect opened when he entered the Collegio dei Nobili, where he made the acquaintance of Vincenzo Monti, the poet, who was then visiting the institute. In the company of Monti he felt, boy as he was, how much his mind required enlarging by reading. The thirst for knowledge was upon the student, and from that time he progressed rapidly in his education, and his teachers began to see that there was something in Manzoni after all.

On the death of his father, in 1805, he passed two years with his widowed mother, who devoted herself to the training of her son. By her judicious selection of his books she fostered his best tastes,

and also strove to strengthen his intellectual powers, a care which his dreamy and sensitive nature required.

Manzoni looked back on these earlier years with tenderness. His subsequent studies at the University of Pavia were interrupted by the removal of his mother to France, to recruit her health by change of air and scene at Auteuil, at that time the resort of the *beau monde* of French literature and art. Here Manzoni met poets, philosophers, and other *savants*. Among them were Condorcet, Cabanis, and other disciples and admirers of Voltaire, by whom the young Italian was for a time led into sceptical views. From this eclipse he soon emerged, and his mother's influence had deepened, when he happily married Harriette Blondel, the daughter of a banker of Geneva. With her he lived for some years in happy retirement in Lombardy, and at this time he wrote devotional poems, "Inni Sacri," a series of lyrics remarkable for beauty of expression and reverential feeling.

One of the friends of Manzoni at Auteuil, Fauriel the *savant*, exerted a permanent influence of a better sort than most of that circle. Between the scholar and the student a great sympathy arose, and the more matured genius of the elder man became of great use to the younger. Manzoni was shy of showing his productions to any one; but Fauriel, biding his time, in his own quiet way taught Manzoni, without seeming to do so, much which gave tone to the then crude ideas of his imagination.

At this time Madame Manzoni lost her valued friend, Carlo Imbonati, and her son, in sympathy for her sorrow, composed a most touching lament on his death, but it was not till some time after that this poem saw the light. Perhaps he was afraid of his friend's criticism, which yet must be admitted to have been useful on the whole. At an age when young men are apt to take advice in any shape from their elders as a sort of slur on their knowledge of things in general, Manzoni found in Fauriel a mentor who never offended his *amour propre*, and yet one who lost no opportunity of inculcating all those principles of truth and honour upon which real character is founded.

We have dwelt rather long upon the early influences by which Manzoni's genius was called forth and his powers trained. Above them all in importance was the influence of his mother, who latterly was of the Reformed faith, and thus was accustomed to regard sacred things with enlightened as well as reverential spirit. By whom the brief sketch of his life is written in the new edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" we know not, but the writer truly states the feeling of Manzoni's compatriots in saying, "No man ever attained to greater honour from his contemporaries, or sought it less, and few have joined such rare intellectual gifts to so much gracious humility of mind and manners. His warmth of affection, tenderness of sympathy, and universal benevolence endeared him to his friends and fellow-citizens, while by his countrymen at large he was revered as the sage and patriarch of Italian letters. Of exalted private character, Manzoni furnishes

an almost solitary instance of a poet whose life contains no note of discord with the loftiest standard presented by his works. The highest genius, disciplined by a still higher moral self-control, produced in him the rare spectacle of a perfect equilibrium of forces in a powerful mind."

This is high praise, but the veneration in which his name is held by his countrymen seems to justify the tone of admiring eulogy. It remains to give brief account of the works upon which his literary renown mainly rests. In 1819 his first tragedy appeared, "*Il Conte di Carmagnola*." This drama was so complete a departure from the conventional and classical forms to which all Italian poetry had heretofore adhered, that its author has been called "the founder of the romantic school of Italian literature." It attracted notice outside his own country. An article in the "*Quarterly Review*" severely criticised it, but Goethe wrote in its defence with strong sympathy. In 1822 a second tragedy, "*Adelchi*," founded upon the overthrow of the Lombard rule in Italy by Charlemagne, contained many veiled allusions to the Austrian domination, and showed how strong the patriotic spirit of Manzoni penetrated his literary studies.

His stanzas on the death of Napoleon, written the year before, "*Il Cinque Maggio*," were regarded by many as the most popular lyric in the Italian language. No fulsome praise is lavished on the dead hero, but a just appreciation of the powerful mind which conceived, and of the indomitable will which carried into effect his wonderful exploits, is shown in every line. The dignity and extreme grandeur of description on the one hand, and the exquisite touches of sentiment on the other, have made this ode the chosen one by the greatest masters of declamation in Italy as a study for their more advanced pupils. Those who have heard it recited by Madame Ristori will not easily forget the impression produced.

But the most popular of all his works is his story of old mediæval times, "*I Promessi Sposi*." Sir Walter Scott pronounced this to be in his estimate the finest novel ever written. It is in the literature of Italy more than "*Don Quixote*" is in that of Spain, which is saying a great deal. It stands alone, unapproached in interest by any contemporary or subsequent fiction, and worthy of being ranked with the great classics of his country.

During that never-to-be-forgotten time when the usurpers of Italian soil had almost succeeded in quenching the love of the Fine Arts in his country, Manzoni's care was to keep alive the hope that better days were in store for Italy. None mourned more truly than he the falling away of that love of poetry and song once the pride of Italy. Friends there were who advised him to leave Italy until quieter times, because in the noise and tumult of revolution and the overthrow of dynasties, that repose of mind needed by the man of letters was impossible, but he would not listen to their proposal. He could not leave his beloved countrymen whilst their "woe" of revolution was upon them.

Writing to Massimo D'Azeglio at that time, Manzoni says: "Alas! my friend, I fear me for my suffering brothers, lest in this battle of hopes and fears, this war of human passions, the first principles of true liberty be lost sight of. Then these thoughts, so sad, so trying, give place to the feeling which I believe to be the right one,—I trust in my beloved countrymen, believing they will fight only for the right. Come to me, my friend, and help to charm away by your presence these sometimes despairing thoughts, which seem to hide the sunlight from my heart. No one will be more welcome to thy friend Manzoni."

Manzoni dreaded lest the long-continued oppression of his countrymen might lead them to despondency, and thereby induce the degeneracy which is too apt to come upon a nation enslaved. He sought himself and urged others to keep alive those feelings of truth and right by which alone good men and women are bound together, because when these are lost sight of little hope remains of a nobler future.

How well he loved Italy all through life many of his best and earliest productions show, and in his finest tragic poems—particularly in "*Il Conte di Carmagnola*"—it is evident that his power has its inspiration in his deep sympathy for his own country. Unlike the Greek choruses—which are mere interludes—those in this tragedy and in "*Adelchi*" are intrinsic parts of the story, serving as links to the most striking parts that follow. Witness the chorus at the end of the second act of the "*Carmagnola*," the whole fearful scene of the battle of Maclodio being described with stirring details which give clear scope for the opening of the third act.

It was not from the number of poems Manzoni wrote that he gained his popularity, though it would take some time to count them, but from the purity of conception and language, and the high tone of moral and patriotic feeling in one and all of his compositions.

Poor Manzoni! in the latter part of his life, when the larger part of his country became free, he seemed to dream of an Italia of arts and sciences such as she once was;—to imagine that no sooner was the wonderful fact of freedom established than men would spring up as painters, sculptors, poets, and that the glory of her greatness would again make her the world's mistress—the home of the beautiful arts. It was indeed the dream of a poet, but he lived to realise with sorrow how much remained to be done. Nor did he look enough to the one great influence which alone can regenerate and restore a people. Civil liberty has little true stability without religious freedom. When Italy has had time to throw off the fetters of superstition and ignorance, as well as those of foreign oppression, it will enter on a grander march of progress than ever Manzoni dreamed of. During the last ten years these higher influences have had larger scope, and in universal toleration and an open Bible, as well as a free press and wider education, Christian effort is busy in spreading that Divine truth which makes the spirit free, and that righteousness which alone exalteth a nation. Illustrious in history and in art,

may Italy yet be distinguished as a truly reformed and Christian land!

When Rome became the capital of United Italy, the poet's great age was a bar to his full enjoyment of the fact. "It is all very pleasant, these rejoicings," remarked he to a brother poet, Giusti, when the whole population appeared like children let loose from school after punishment, as they greeted Vittorio Emanuele. "He's a king, every inch of him! it makes me happy to look at him!" said Manzoni. His respect and devotion to the late king was very great; his faithful adherence to his word, his noble stand against those who would have made him break that word, filled the sensitive mind of the poet with enthusiastic regard. His majesty fully reciprocated the feeling, and showed it by making Manzoni a senator of the kingdom, an honour he gratefully accepted.

In his later years Manzoni lived in his past. To sit in his garden under the vines, or the large mulberry-tree on his lawn at his villa, and think about Italy, in the company of some friends who had travelled down the hill of life almost as far as he, was his greatest pleasure. With them he would converse about those who, in those far-off troublous times, had gone to their rest, but of the present he rarely spoke. The poet's great age rendered his tenure of life from day to day uncertain; yet when the end drew near none was so calm as he. In a weak but reverent voice he commended himself to the loving memory of his weeping family and friends, begging that the same practice of praying to God—not omitting prayer for the king every morning—might be adhered to when he was no longer with them. Manzoni died on the 9th of May, 1873, just as he had completed his eighty-ninth year.

Never were the funeral obsequies of a poet so honoured. When the death of the illustrious octo-

genarian became known, from every part of Italy telegraphic messages of condolence to his family, and sympathy with the municipality of Milan, were hourly received—indeed, they form a small book. Crowds promenaded the Piazza Belgioioso and the adjacent Corso during the three days of the lying in state, and so universal was the affection shown for the loss of the great poet that men were not ashamed of the tears they could not repress when speaking of him whose name must henceforward be to them only a memory.

The new process of petrification to preserve the remains instead of embalmment was resorted to, by which the body became as marble.

On the day of the funeral a stranger visiting Milan would have thought some royal and well-beloved prince had passed away, for, according to the beautiful Italian fashion, every balcony was draped in black and white, relieved by a profusion of charming flowers, also white. The municipality of Milan, with those of other cities, fell in as the principal mourners came from the house escorting the bier, the pall-bearers being all men of distinction. These again were followed by a notable number of high officials—consuls, secretaries, generals with their respective staff officers, all of whom paid willing respect to the great man who had passed away. As the procession formed and the bells began to toll, every head was uncovered, and almost every woman knelt; the silence otherwise was profound. Prince Amadeo, Duc D'Aosta, walked near the open bier, by the side of the American consul-general, followed by several distinguished foreigners who had for years been the friends of the poet. The scenes at the grave were truly touching, testifying to the depth of feeling his loss had caused. At the royal palace, the houses of the nobles, and the clubs, nothing was spoken of but the death of Manzoni.

## OLD ACCOUNT-BOOKS

SOME time ago we presented our readers with a few gleanings from the humble but not barren fields of certain ancestral account-books. We propose to continue our researches among these dim old yellow pages, hoping still to find matter illustrative of the ways and works, houses and habits, of those who traced these records, chiefly in Scotland, about the beginning of last century. Little did the owners of these books think that they would come to light so long after they were written. Little did they dream that these pages would form, nearly two centuries later, a test by which the habits and education of the ladies of their day would be commented on by the critical eyes of their great-great-granddaughters. Had such an idea entered their minds, the genuineness of their work would have been destroyed; as we now have them they present testimony, as faithful as it is entirely undesigned, and these ladies of the days of Queen Anne have

no reason to blush before those of the days of Queen Victoria, at least in so far as writing and arithmetic are concerned.

We have, among other account-books, those of four ladies of different families before us. They lived at a time when the money of Scotland was being exchanged for that of the United Kingdom, a perplexing change in itself, as Scots pounds, shillings, and pence were just the twelfth part of the value of the same in sterling money; but this was not the only difficulty; new complications appear in the "merk Scots," amounting to 13s. 4d. Scots, while there were also many foreign coins in circulation—"moydores," otherwise called "Portugall pieces," English "ginneys," dollars, rix-dollars, and "leg dollars," whatever they may have been. Through all these intricacies these good ladies steadily worked their way with an amount of accuracy which does them credit, two of them keeping factory accounts and having to deal with large sums of



money and payments to many persons, as well as those more humble items of household expenditure dealt with in our former article.

We formerly examined these books with reference to the expenses of house-rent, wages, table, dress, and education. Taxes are in those pages most happily conspicuous by their absence—would it were so now! Water rates are also unknown, unless regular payments to “Water Will” may be taken as an equivalent: indeed “Water Will” and “Coal Robie” come in for many a sixpence, while the wages of resident servants seem to have been supplemented by “tips” from every visitor under the name of “vails.”

Travelling in those days was both fatiguing and expensive, and our ancestors were not such “globe trotters” as we are. Still they found many calls abroad, sometimes in the way of business to London or Holland, and sometimes for health “to drink the goat’s whey” at Logie, or the mineral waters at Moffat Well (1691), or at another spa celebrated in a poem in one of these books, under the name of “The Pleasures of Pitceathly.” One of the ladies visits her friends in Galloway, paying “for horse hyre, etc.,” £2 6s. 8d. sterling. Her son goes to London by sea; we give his expenses in sterling money:—

“July 5th, 1691, to Captain Balfour, for his passage . . . . .	£	s.	d.
To the mate, for his bed . . . . .	0	5	10
For brandie, burnt wyne, and other provisions given him when he went aboard . . . . .	0	5	0”

Captain Balfour probably took longer to get to London than his descendants do to cross the Atlantic, but it is to be hoped his progress was not so slow as that of a skipper renowned in a family legend, who, in taking an ancestress of ours across the Firth of Forth from Elie, Fife, to Leith, was so befogged and becalmed, so driven up the Firth and down the Firth, that it was no less than ten long days before his hapless passengers reached their destination.

In reference to Captain Balfour’s passenger it may be remarked that while “brandie and burnt wyne” were provided for him, whisky, nowadays so much more common in Scotland, never appears either in this or any part of these accounts, though he and his friends were far from being teetotalers, and spent their money pretty freely in what their descendants call “alcoholic drinks.”

The voyages of several young men to Holland are recorded in these books. They went as medical students to Leyden to study under the celebrated Boerhaave, then the first physician of the day. An earlier and involuntary voyage had been made to Holland by one of the ladies who wrote these books, when her parents were obliged to fly from the persecution to which they were subjected as Covenanters during the reign of James II shortly before the Revolution. Very different were the circumstances in which her son visited that country about fifty years after. His father was a wealthy merchant at that time, and the “Grand Tour” being then considered an important part of a young man’s education, no expense was spared in sending Tom abroad to London, Holland, and Paris. We have full particulars of the expenses of this great performance in Tom’s book, kept with exemplary exactness. He left Edinburgh February, 1743, travelling by post with three others, and reached London in two weeks, his share of expenses being—

	£	s.	d.
Edinburgh to London . . . . .	7	9	5
London to Rotterdam . . . . .	2	15	2

From thence he travelled through “the Low Countries” to Paris—

	£	s.	d.
“Spent in France 51 days . . . . .	25	14	0
Paris to Dover . . . . .	7	2	2
Dover to London . . . . .	6	17	0
My horse . . . . .	10	11	0”

In Paris he made many purchases, some of which seem strangely incongruous, a sword being entered along with “a muff for myself.” It was certainly not from his Covenanting mother that he derived his taste for prints, etchings, and paintings. Of these he bought many which still remain and are now worth ten times the price he gave for them, though their possessors would never think of entering these purchases as he does in his well-kept pages under the head of “Necessaries.”

One item both startles and shocks us as painfully characteristic both of old Paris and the manners of the time. In the midst of his sight-seeing—operas, cafés, pictures, hospitals—we suddenly find two livres, four sous, charged as paid for “going to see a man broke on the wheel,” a sight which most persons nowadays, of his position in society, would give a much larger sum, if necessary, to escape seeing.

## POLPERRO AND ITS FISHERIES.

ON the south coast of Cornwall, romantically situated about midway between the rapidly-rising watering-places of Looe and Fowey, is the seldom visited fishing village of Polperro. It is a quaint, thriving little place, interesting also from its antiquity. The late Mr. Jonathan Couch, F.L.S., the well-known ichthyologist, wrote a “History of Polperro,” and from it we learn that

as far back as A.D. 1392, “Porthpyre,” as the place was then termed, was quite an important fishing port. He says:—“The earliest notice of the town (!) is in Bishop Brantyngham’s Register of that date. Mention is therein made of the chapel of St. Peter de Porthpyre, which stood on a spur of the hill commanding the entrance to the harbour on the western side, which spur to this

day is called Chapel Hill. During a recent visit to Polperro we examined the site of the chapel, but the only traces of it that now remain are three rough unhewn stones with pieces of slate filling up the interstices between, evidently a portion of the foundation of the east wing, and the cleared space that was formerly a courtyard overlooking the harbour. It is on record that as recently as the early part of the present century a large portion of the stonework of the east window was standing.

Being distant several miles from a railway, Polperro still maintains many of the characteristics of a Cornish fishing town of a century since which are not now observable in places reached by the "iron road." Much of the fish landed here is still, as in days of yore, disposed of to "jowters," or fish pedlars, and it is chiefly from this port that the towns and country districts in the south of Cornwall are supplied with fish. The fish market is a small open space on the west side of the harbour, locally known as "the fish scales," and here the visitor to Polperro will see nearly every day in the year immense heaps and baskets of fish disposed of by picturesque groups of fishermen to the loquacious jowters, the bargaining being accompanied by many a telling jest.

The harbour of Polperro is a very singular one, deserving of a somewhat detailed description, as it shows what an enterprising race the ancient Polperro folk were, though it must be observed, in passing, that the port undoubtedly owes its origin to the facilities its secluded situation offered for the landing of contraband articles from France. Indeed, this profitable but illegal calling was so industriously prosecuted here at the beginning of the present century that Polperro has the reputation of being the birthplace of the preventive or coastguard service, the first preventive boat and crew permanently stationed at any one place being stationed at Polperro at this early date.

The coast of Cornwall in the vicinity of Polperro is of the wildest character; rugged hills of considerable height and picturesque outline here sloping precipitously to the sea. Between two of the loftiest of them a narrow inlet, opening seaward in a south-easterly direction, runs inland for about two hundred and fifty yards. The mouth of this inlet, at high-water mark, is but a hundred and fifty feet or so in width between the rocks guarding the entrance; but, by the ingenuity of man, this insignificant gap in the rocky coast, open to the full force of the sea during south-easterly gales, has been converted into a safe little haven, which, from time immemorial, has enabled a number of fishermen to gain a livelihood by the pursuit of their legitimate calling, privateering, and smuggling. It has also been the nursery of a race of hardy seamen, and annually furnishes more than its quota towards the manning of our naval and merchant vessels. In the Russian war of 1854 no less than fifty-eight Polperro men were serving in her Majesty's navy.

The first step taken to convert the exposed inlet into a safer haven was to build a breakwater or quay out from the rocky base of the hill on the western side, forming a sheltered tidal haven of

the head of the inlet. This is now known as the inner or old quay. Subsequently the harbour was enlarged and further protected by the construction of another and longer breakwater. The narrow entrance also is guarded. The harbour within the outer quay ebbs nearly dry, but, save during the prevalence of heavy gales from the southward, vessels of considerable draft of water are able to lie at anchor in the inlet, seaward of the pier; it being well protected from north-easterly and westerly gales by a projecting rocky spur from the hill on each side of the entrance. The spur on the east is known as the Dennis Ball, and here the coastguard have their look-out station and signal staff. That on the western side is a bold and picturesque mass of rock (a continuation of Chapel Hill) crowned with rugged pinnacles, known as the Peak. Such is the singular haven, or, as it is locally called, "haun," of Polperro.

From the head of the inlet a deep and narrow valley, with precipitous acclivities on either hand, winds inland, and down through this a considerable stream leaps from ledge to ledge on its course to the sea. Approaching Polperro by the road through the valley, the town and harbour are quite hidden from view by the interlapping of the spurs of the hills until one is almost in the heart of the place itself. The houses are clustered closely together around the head of the inlet, and extend up the valley a short distance on each side of the stream, then forming two narrow streets. Elsewhere the houses appear to have been dropped into the place ready built, and allowed to stand where they fell; for one stands here, a couple there, half a dozen elsewhere, with narrow passages just wide enough for a cart to pass through winding among them, more like the hedged-in paths of a maze than the streets of a small town. The roadway of these "streets" is rugged in the extreme, being either roughly hewn out from the native rock or rudely paved with stones of various shapes and sizes. Polperro has much to recommend it to the artist, for it is said, "turn which way you will, the eye meets with a picture," and quaint old houses built in all sorts of out-of-the-way places abound.

The present population of Polperro is about eleven hundred, of whom one-fifth are fishermen whose families number some five hundred souls. The whole of the adult male inhabitants, save a few tradesmen and retired naval warrant officers and merchant seamen (chiefly Polperro men who have returned to their native place to pass their declining years), are engaged in the fishing, or in some pursuit connected with it, such as boat-building, mast and block making, or kindred work. Notwithstanding the total suppression of smuggling, Polperro is a more prosperous place to-day, there is every reason to believe, than it ever was formerly, for on no part of the Cornish coast are fish more plentiful—especially mackerel and the Cornish fish *par excellence*, the pilchard—than in the waters of the deep bays between the Rame Head and the "Dodman" or Deadman Point.

The fish chiefly caught off this coast are pilchards, mackerel, cod, whiting, conger, had-



POLPERRO AND ITS HAVEN.



dock, hake, and bream, with some lobsters, crabs, and crawfish—a goodly list it will be seen.\* The three crustaceans last mentioned are, when caught in any numbers, packed alive in damp seaweed in barrels and dispatched in carts to Menheniot station, and thence by rail to London. The cod, whiting, ling, and the other fish in the list, save the pilchards and mackerel, are chiefly caught by hook and line, and in most years in considerable quantities.

The most important fish, however, and those whose pursuit is most actively prosecuted, are the pilchards and mackerel. The latter fish usually arrive off the coast in vast shoals in June, a month or so earlier than the shoals of pilchards. At the time of our visit, early in June, the sea off Polperro was literally alive with mackerel, and such large quantities were being caught that the majority of the boats ran for Plymouth and Fowey to dispose of their catch for the London or some other market, two or three boats being more than sufficient to meet the demands of the jowters at Polperro. Such was the abundance of these fish that at this time they were being sold by the jowters in the neighbouring town of Lostwithiel sixteen for a shilling.

The mackerel come from the western ocean into the English Channel, as in winter they are seen in vast shoals as far south as Mogador. From inquiries made, there can be no doubt that these fish spawn twice a year, and on the surface of the open sea in the warm water south of the Bay of Biscay. This is a very interesting fact in natural history, deserving of being placed on record.

Thirty years since both pilchard and mackerel were chiefly caught in seines, but now drift-net fishing, or "driving," as it is technically called, is the mode adopted. At the present day there is but one small seine remaining in Polperro, and this is only occasionally used when the mackerel shoal in unusually large numbers along shore. In 1877 Polperro owned twenty-two boats engaged in the drift-net fishery, carrying one hundred and seventy-six nets, each from twenty to forty fathoms in length, and about seven in depth. So profitable has this method of fishing proved that there are now about forty boats, and the nets have proportionately increased in number.

As soon as the pilchards are seen off the coast, generally about the 10th of July, Polperro presents a scene of the most active industry, fitting out the drift-boats for this fishery, for upon its success depends in a great measure the well-being of nearly all the inhabitants of the place. The season for pilchards lasts from the time mentioned till the end of the year, and occasionally some are taken as late as March. The fishing is done during the night, the catch being carried into port every morning. In the daytime the pilchards go in closely-packed shoals, which shortly after sunset scatter abroad in "open order," and it is only when the fish are so scat-

tered and on the move that the drift-net boats are successful. Therefore as soon as the sun goes down the nets are "shot" or paid out, being "hauled" or taken up after having been down about two hours. The nets are again shot about dawn, for pilchards are caught in the greatest numbers just after the breaking-up of the shoals at night and as the fish reassemble in the morning. In a favourable season a single boat will catch in a night from one to fifteen thousand pilchards. Hazy weather, with the water not too smooth, is most favourable for the drift-boats, while clear moonlight nights are most unfavourable, the fish being very shy at such times. A drift-boat carries from eight to twenty nets. These are paid out over the bows of the boat while she lies head to wind, drifting slowly to leeward, net after net being attached the one to the other until all are in the water, and the boat rides with them extended from her bows in a straight line. Frequently a "well-found" boat will be seen riding with as great a length of nets as from one quarter to half a mile.

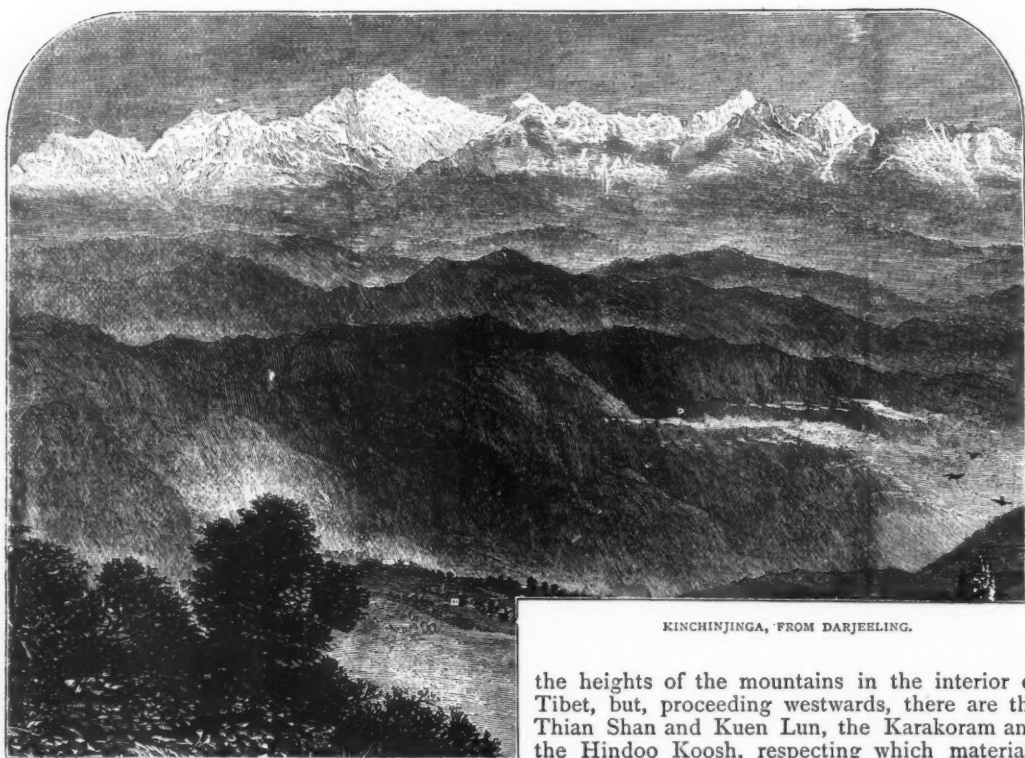
From statistical information it can be proved the fishing boats from the eastern coasts of England that fish the Cornish waters, conjointly with the boats belonging to the county, will spread nets enough to reach a distance of eight hundred miles—from the Lizard to Lisbon! As far back as 1877 the Cornish boats alone carried nearly three hundred and fifty miles of nets!

A drift-boat is usually manned by a crew of from three to five men, according to the number of nets with which she is "found," and a boy. Half the catch belongs to the owner or owners of the boat and nets, the other half is divided among the crew—share and share alike, save the boy, who, when mackerel fishing, gets from one-quarter to half a man's share, according to his age and abilities. When pilchard fishing he is remunerated by what he can save of the fish that drop from the meshes of the net during the haul. These he catches, as they slip out, in his "kieve net"—a net somewhat like an angler's landing-net. He also may employ his time between the hauls by fishing with a line for hake and other fish, all he catches being his own property. Formerly the major part of the pilchard catch were dispatched to Italy, salted or "bulked," where they found a ready market; but nearly the whole of the Cornish catch of pilchards are now disposed of for home consumption, large quantities being dispatched to London fresh. In 1875 a company was formed for preserving pilchards in oil, *à la sardine*, and it now has factories at Mevagissey and Newlyn, on the south coasts of Cornwall.

This brief account of the Cornish pilchard fishery would be imperfect were I not to mention that modern ichthyologists are agreed that the sardine is a young pilchard. In the "Leisure Hour" for February, 1875, is an interesting letter upon the subject from the late Dr. A. Günther, then of the British Museum, to the late Mr. Frank Buckland. Dr. Günther could not find any characters by which these two fishes could be specifically separated, and states his belief that the *Clupea pilchardus* and *Clupea sardina* are identical.

\* The writer is indebted for much information respecting the fisheries of Polperro and other places on the south coast of Cornwall to Mr. Wm. Laughlin, A.L.S., an authority upon all matters connected with the Cornish fisheries, to whom was entrusted the arrangement of the Cornish exhibits in the Fishery Exhibition.

## HIMALAYAN HEIGHTS.



KINCHINJINGA, FROM DARJEELING.

AS public attention has been recently attracted to the Himalayas and to the heights which have been attained in them and in the allied ranges, we propose to present to our readers in the following article a few facts concerning the peaks and passes of those mighty mountains, and the explorations which have been performed amongst them. Before proceeding, it may as well be said that the precise extent of country to which the term Himalayas should be applied remains still an open question, for no writer of sufficient authority has hitherto dealt with the whole subject in such a manner as to produce unanimity in the views of geographers.\* But our readers will not be far wrong if they think of the Himalayas as bounded on the south by the Punjab and the north of the region just indicated there are mountain ranges of vast extent, known to contain peaks almost equal in altitude to the highest of the Himalayas. Scarcely anything is known of

the heights of the mountains in the interior of Tibet, but, proceeding westwards, there are the Thian Shan and Kuen Lun, the Karakoram and the Hindoo Koosh, respecting which materials are being continually amassed, though few persons are yet agreed as the boundaries of these important groups, or even as to the spelling of their names.

At the beginning of the present century the great height of the Himalayan peaks was quite unknown, and their real altitude has only been determined comparatively recently. Humboldt, in his "Aspects of Nature," says: "When I returned to Europe in 1804, not a single Asiatic snowy summit, either in the Himalaya, the Hindoo Koosh, or the Caucasus, had been measured with any exactness. . . . It was not until the beginning of the year 1820 that it began to be reported in Europe, that not only were there in the Himalaya summits much higher than those of the Cordilleras (of the Andes), but also that Webb had seen in the Pass of Niti, and Moorcroft in the Tibetan plateau, fine pastures and flourishing fields of corn at altitudes far exceeding the height of Mont Blanc. These accounts were received in England with much incredulity. . . . Until the measurement of the Dhawalagiri, etc., Chimborazo was still everywhere regarded as the highest summit on the surface of the earth."

For a time Dhawalagiri\* remained the highest of known mountains, but then it was deposed, for

\* Colonel Godwin Austen alluded to this matter at Southport in his address to the Geographical Section of the British Association; and, as an old member of the Survey staff, and as a traveller of distinction, his remarks, so far as they extend, may be considered authoritative.

\* There is no universally recognised way of spelling this name. The Indian authorities give numerous versions.

Kinchinjunga\* was discovered to be loftier; and this in its turn has been found to be surpassed by others. It was during the progress of the part of the Indian survey which is called the North-eastern Himalaya Series (in the year 1845-50) that the peak was measured, which is now the highest of known mountains. Termed at first "No. 15," it is now generally called Mount Everest, a name which was bestowed upon it by Sir Andrew Waugh, the second superintendent of the Great Trigonometrical Survey, in honour of his old chief the first superintendent, Sir George Everest.

Many writers in newspapers and elsewhere speak of Mount Everest as if it were in British India, and could be easily reached. After any notable ascent has been executed, such observations are continually made, and betray a considerable amount of ignorance or misapprehension. Mount Everest is situated on the northern frontier of Nepal, and the angles by which its position has been fixed and its height determined have been taken at distances from the mountains of a hundred miles and upwards. When the North-eastern Himalaya Series was about to be commenced it was intended to have carried the chain of observing stations along the mountains themselves, "but the Nepalese Government refused to allow the operations to enter their territory."† The consequence was that the survey had to be carried on through the Terai, a belt of jungle country which fringes the southern borders of Nepal; and not only did the health of the surveyors suffer,‡ but the survey suffered also, for it is impossible to take angles at such distance without enormous trouble and at the risk of considerable inaccuracies creeping into the work. At the distance of a hundred miles the summit even of Mount Everest, 29,002 feet high, appears only a few degrees above the horizon.

So far as a mountain can be observed at the distance of a hundred or more miles, Mount Everest has been seen all round its eastern, western, and southern sides, but we believe it is correct to say that no European has ever seen, or, anyhow, has ever given a report upon its northern sides, so that it is not quite certain whether the mountain is wholly in Nepal, or is divided between that country and Tibet. The Nepalese persistently and consistently refuse to let foreigners enter their country. It is equally impossible to approach Mount Everest from the side of the Tibetans (who are ever more exclusive than the Nepalese), so that the present chances of any one getting to the base of the mountain, to say nothing about the difficulties of getting up it, are about as small as the chances of going to the moon in a balloon.§

\* Sometimes written Kanchinjunga, Kinchinjunga, Kanchan-junga, etc.

† A Memoir on the Indian Surveys, p. 90.

‡ As many as forty of the native assistants died of jungle fever in one season. "Of the five officers who had charge of the series at different times, two retired, and two fell victims to the climate."

§ The Nepalese are supposed to be on friendly terms with our country, and are allowed freedom of access to British India, and supply us with excellent soldiers. In return for the advantage they derive from us they permit an English Political Resident at their capital, but keep him in a sort of honourable captivity, and only permit him a limited amount of liberty. When Dr. Hooker was travelling in Sikkim in 1847-50, he was allowed to cross the contiguous Nepalese frontier. This was a very exceptional privilege, and the traveller went but a very short distance into the country.

Kinchinjunga, it has been already stated, was once considered the highest mountain on the globe. It ranks only third highest now, and its elevation is stated by the Indian surveyors to be 28,156 feet. This mountain is much talked about, for the reason that it is seen by a large number of persons who visit the hill station of Darjeeling, from which place it forms a prominent and noble object. Being principally in Sikkim, there are no political obstacles to prevent travellers from reaching it, and being only about forty-eight miles in a direct line from the hill station, which is now connected by railway with Calcutta, it would seem a very simple matter to get to it. Yet it is by no means easy, for the short intervening distance is country difficult to traverse, and will give more trouble to get over than the thousands of miles which separate Darjeeling from London. It is, no doubt, this proximity to a very agreeable and easily-reached place which has tempted several travellers to India in late years with the view of ascending Kinchinjunga. All have, however, entirely failed hitherto, and some who have started have not even reached its base.

Mount Everest lies about sixty-five miles to the west of Kinchinjunga, and Dhawalagiri, which is probably the fourth in rank of the Himalayan and allied peaks, is 220 miles farther on in the same direction. This mountain was formerly stated to be over 28,000 feet high, but is now abased to 26,826. It is, like Mount Everest, either entirely in Nepal or divided between Nepal and Tibet, and our remarks upon the difficulty of reaching the higher mountain apply equally to it. Two hundred miles more to the w.n.w. we come to another prominent and famous mountain—Nanda Debi, 25,614 feet high, and sixty miles or so to its north-west to Ibi Gamin (25,373), a peak which enjoys another name, spelt in various manners. In the same neighbourhood, not far from the source of the Ganges, there are the two well-known mountains, Kidernath and Badrinath, 22,790 and 23,210 feet respectively. These four mountains lie within British territory, and can be reached with tolerable facility from the hill station Mussoorie. There are also in the same neighbourhood various other peaks of considerable altitude, so this forms an attractive district for a mountain explorer. It is needless to remark that none of these summits have as yet been reached.

Continuing to the n.w., we come, in 440 miles more, to Nanga Parbat (26,629), which is perhaps the fifth in order. This mountain is placed on the north-western frontiers of the Maharajah of Cashmere's territory, and is well known to travellers in that country, as is it seen far and wide, and is a conspicuous feature from the town of Srinagar. The wild country of Chilas occupies its northern side, and the Indus is known to flow round its base in that direction; but no European has ever traversed this part, owing to the invincible hostility of the natives. Yet the slopes and precipices of the northern side of Nanga Parbat have been seen from no great distance away, and are described as being absolutely unique in their height and magnificence; and it cannot be doubted that in mere height this view far exceeds



any other which is known. The mountain, as we have said, is 26,629 feet high. The Indus, at this part, is only about 3,000 feet above the sea; and so the eye can take in at a glance nearly 24,000 of stupendous snow-crowned cliffs, which is more than *double* the amount which can be seen in any close view in the Alps, and far more than can be witnessed in any other place.

At a distance of 150 miles to the E.N.E. of Nanga Parbat a mountain is situated which closely approaches the height of Mount Everest, and is second only to it. For some reason best known to the Indian surveyors this has never received a name, although its height was determined more than twenty years ago, and is said to be 28,278 feet. It therefore exceeds Kinchinjinga by more than a hundred feet, and would no doubt have as many admirers as the Sikkim peak, if it were placed in as convenient a position. But it occupies almost the very extreme northern point of British India, and is situated far back from routes ordinarily traversed, amidst enormous glaciers, and has scarcely been seen by any Europeans except those employed on the survey. Near it there are two other important mountains—Masherbrum and Gusherbrum (25,676 and 26,400 feet)—and very numerous others ranging from 22,000 to 25,000 feet.

The general elevation of the northern provinces of the Maharajah of Cashmere's territory is probably greater than that of any other part of India;\* but the mountains do not belong to the Himalayas proper, and are a part of what we term the "allied ranges." The passes in this tract are, as might be supposed, also much above the average height, and amongst them there is one—the Chang Lang Burma pass—which is considered to be the highest route that is anywhere frequented by man and beast,† and it will may be so, for it rises to the prodigious height of 19,300 feet, or about the elevation of Snowdon piled on the top of Mont Blanc. This pass is described by Colonel Montgomerie as having "easy slopes." In the same neighbourhood, or not far away, there are at least seven more passes, commonly frequented, of 18,000 feet and upwards, namely, the Gardhar pass, Changla, and Khardung (each about 18,000); the Parang pass, Marsemik-la, and Karakoram (18,300–18,600); and the Changlung (18,900). There are other almost equally lofty passes in the Himalayas, as, for example, the Donkia pass (18,500), close by Kinchinjinga, but the generality are not so elevated, though there are abundance ranging from 16,000 to 17,000 feet high.

As there are passes surpassing 19,000 feet which are practicable for laden animals, and numerous others of only slightly inferior elevation, it is obvious that the Himalayas and adjacent mountains

in many parts present no mountaineering difficulties up to a very great altitude. There is no doubt that an enterprising traveller accustomed to the management of animals might take them at least several thousand feet higher than the commonly frequented routes. It is surprising, therefore, considering the large number of young, active, and wealthy men who have been in India in one or another of the various services, that some have not got to heights much exceeding those which have been reached; and especially that the members of the survey have not made a point of scaling some of the giant peaks for the purposes of their work. In the "Memoir on the Indian Surveys" it is stated that during the work in Cashmere "marks were erected on peaks as high as 21,480 feet," and this appears to have been the greatest height reached by the surveyors in connection with their work. But a donkey or a yak might be ridden in some parts to as great a height as that, with as much facility, so far as the ground is concerned, as one might be taken across the St. Bernard.\* Of other authenticated heights which have been reached may be mentioned an ascent by Captain Webb sixty years ago (19,500 feet); twenty years later Dr. Hooker got to about 20,000 feet in the neighbourhood of Kinchinjinga; and, later still, the Schlagintweits got as high as 22,200 feet on Ibi Gamin. This they stated was the highest point hitherto reached by any one in the world. These three ascents may be accepted without reservation, as the heights were determined by observation with instruments. Somewhat greater elevations have at different times been stated to have been reached by others, but they have all been, so far as we are aware, unverified by observation.

\* The rarity of the air at so great an elevation would, however, render the operation more troublesome.

## Varieties.

### Mr. Gladstone as a Woodcutter.

Every one has heard (we quote from the "Hawarden Visitor's Handbook") of Mr. Gladstone's prowess as a woodcutter, and to some it may even have been matter of surprise to see no scantiness of trees in the park at Hawarden. It is true that he attacks trees with the same vigour as he attacks abuses in the body politic, but he attacks them on the same principle—that they are blemishes and not ornaments. A wag is said to have scratched on the stump of a tree at Hawarden the following couplet:—

"No matter whether oak or birch,  
They all go like the Irish Church."

No one more scrupulously respects a sound and shapely tree than Mr. Gladstone; and, if he is prone to condemn those that show signs of decay, he is always ready to listen to any plea that may be advanced on their behalf by other members of the family. In this, as in other matters, doubtful points will of course arise; but there can be no question that a policy of inert conservatism is an entire mistake. Besides the natural growth and decay of trees, a hundred other causes are ever at work to affect their structure and appearance; and the facts of the landscape,

\* The general elevation of Tibet proper is also exceedingly high. The capital, Lassa, is believed to be about 10,000 feet above the sea, and there are peaks which are known to exceed 25,000 feet.

† We refer above to passes commonly frequented, the equivalent of such passes as the St. Bernard, in Europe. There are others even loftier. Schlagintweit says: "As a remarkable pass may be mentioned the Ibi Gamin pass (20,450 feet high), the highest we ever had occasion to cross. Though known to the natives, some of whom ventured to cross it thirty-six years ago, the pass was found to be so difficult of access that its uselessness as a commercial route at once became apparent."

thus continually altering, afford ample occupation for the eye and hand of the woodman. It was late in life that Mr. Gladstone took to woodcutting. Tried first as an experiment, it answered so admirably the object of getting the most complete exercise in a short time that, though somewhat slackened of late, it has never been abandoned. His procedure is characteristic. No exercise is taken in the morning, save the daily walk to morning service, but between three and four in the afternoon he sallies forth, axe on shoulder, accompanied by one or more of his sons. The scene of action reached, there is no pottering; the work begins at once, and is carried on with unflinching energy. Blow follows blow, delivered with a skill which Homer\* reminds us is of more value to the woodman than strength, together with a force and precision that soon tells its tale on the tree:

"Illa usque minatur

Et tremefacta comam concusso vertice nutat,  
Vulneribus donec paulatim evicta supremum  
Congemuit, traxitque jugis avulsa ruinam."

*Virgil Æn. II. 626.*

"It still keeps nodding to its doom,  
Still bows its head and shakes its plume,  
Till, by degrees o'ercome, one groan  
It heaves, and on the hill lies prone."

*Conington's Translation.*

#### The Yellowstone National Park.

The district now known as the Yellowstone National Park is a mountainous region, containing some 3,300 square miles, situated in the north-west corner of the Territory of Wyoming. Through it runs the "divide," or water-parting of the Rocky Mountains, which separates the head waters of the Missouri basin that ultimately drain into the Atlantic, from those of other rivers flowing towards the Pacific Ocean. Before the year 1870 the Yellowstone district, which is now destined to be the chosen pleasure-ground of a great continent, and probably to attract visitors from all parts of the world, was known only by the mysterious and almost fabulous tales of a few trappers and adventurers. More than one well equipped expedition had endeavoured to find it and failed. At last the Government of the United States organised an expedition under General Washburn, which explored a great portion of the region, and in the following year it was visited and provisionally surveyed by Professor Hayden, the Director of the United States Geological Survey, who described it in great detail in his reports made to the Government. The people of the United States then became aware that in the district surrounding the head waters of the Yellowstone river they possessed a tract of country as rich in natural marvels, in varieties of scenery, in strange and exceptional manifestations of physical agencies as was to be found in any portion of the globe; and Congress forthwith passed an Act in 1872, whereby the whole district was "reserved and withdrawn from settlement, occupancy, or sale, and dedicated and set apart as a public park or pleasure-ground for the benefit and enjoyment of the people." The park thus constituted was placed under the exclusive control of the Secretary of the Interior, who was empowered to make suitable regulations for the preservation from injury or spoliation of all timber, mineral deposits, natural curiosities or wonders within the park, and their retention in their natural condition; to grant leases for building purposes, for terms not exceeding ten years, with a view to the erection of buildings suitable for the accommodation of visitors; to apply the proceeds of such leases, and all other revenues derived from any source connected with the park, in the management of the park, and the construction of roads and bridle-paths therein; and, finally, to provide against the wanton destruction of the fish and game found within the park, and against their capture or destruction for the purpose of merchandise and profit.

\* Μήτηρ τοῦ δρυτῶρος μέγ' ἀμείνων ἤν' ἔβριφα.

—*Iliad* xxlii. 315.

"By skill far more than strength the woodman fells  
The sturdy oak."

*Ld. Derby's Translation.*

Such is the public history, so to speak, of the Yellowstone National Park, and the origin and explanation of its name. The dedication of a district nearly half as large as the State of Massachusetts to the benefit and enjoyment of the people, its preservation alike from the greed of private monopoly and adventure, and from the destructive vandalism of thoughtless or rapacious visitors, was undoubtedly a noble conception, eminently worthy of a people which moulds its institutions and forecasts its future on a scale commensurate with its magnificent opportunities. It is an immense upland district, no portion of which lies less than 6,000 feet above the sea. It contains snowy peaks, streams, and cascades, vast waterfalls, lakes, and mountain tarns, with volcanic phenomena of singular variety and strangeness. (See "Leisure Hour," 1872.) This marvellous region is now rendered accessible by the North Pacific Railway. It should be noted that this is not the only national park the United States possess. The whole of the Yosemite Valley has been similarly nationalised.

#### Whirlpools.

The recent death of Captain Matthew Webb, in an attempt to swim the Whirlpool Rapids of the Niagara river, has directed attention to these phenomena—the more so as of late years comparatively little has been written about them.

We gave in our last part (p. 601) some account of the scene of this disaster. "The river boils and leaps," wrote Professor Tyndale, describing the same spot, "in the most frantic manner; the most extraordinary effect being produced when two waves so coalesce that the united forces of both toss the crest of the compounded billow, shivered into liquid spheiales, high in air. In the middle of the river no man could live; but the tossing everywhere is terrific. Lower down the river suddenly bends, nearly at a right angle, and here is formed the whirlpool from which the lower rapids derive their name. The river strikes the bank opposite to it with tremendous force, and is thereby thrown into gyrating motion."

In an earlier paper contributed to "Macmillan's Magazine" the same acute observer says: "Bodies and trees which have come over the Falls are stated to circulate here for days without finding the outlet. From various points of the cliffs above this is curiously hidden. The rush of the river into the whirlpool is obvious enough, and though you imagine the outlet must be visible if one existed, you cannot find it. Turning, however, round the bend of the precipice to the north-east, the outlet comes into view. . . . A kind of mystery attaches itself to gyrating water, due, perhaps, to the fact that we are to some extent ignorant of the direction of its force. It is said that at certain points of the whirlpool pine-trees are sucked down, to be ejected mysteriously elsewhere. The water is of the brightest emerald-green. The gorge through which it escapes is narrow, and the motion of the river swift though silent. The surface is steeply inclined, but it is perfectly unbroken. There are no lateral waves. No ripples with their breaking bubbles to raise a murmur, while the depth is here too great to allow the inequality of the bed to ruffle the surface. Nothing can be more beautiful than this sloping liquid mirror formed by the Niagara in sliding from the whirlpool."

Some years ago a small steamer, called the Maid of the Mist, propelled by engines of one hundred horse-power, working at high pressure, and which plied between the whirlpool and the Falls, was driven through the former. When she entered the whirlpool "the pilot seized the helm, steered her to the right of the cauldron of the pool, thence direct through the neck of it, until, though with much drenching and battering by water, the steamer reached the quiet stream below." The effect of the terrible voyage on those who made it was great. The pilot, it is said, "grew venerable in an hour." "He aged twenty years, and both his manners and appearance were changed."

The cause of whirlpools, which are circular eddies tending towards a depressed vortex in the centre, is the violent conflict of rapid tides or currents running in contrary directions, and which are frequently found along broken coasts. The best-known whirlpools in the world are the Charybdis and the Maelstrom. The former, as every schoolboy knows, is in the Strait of Messina, in Sicily. The famous Scylla rock rises on one side about two hundred feet high, and on the other the whirlpool or a "chopping sea" of that character. The space between Scylla and Charybdis has

from an early age of antiquity, as the familiar proverb attests, been regarded as very dangerous. It appears that the Charybdis is calm for about a quarter of an hour when the direction of the current changes, at intervals of about six hours. Spallanzani, an early investigator, visited this dangerous spot to ascertain, if possible, whether the Charybdis was really a whirlpool. As he approached it, he says that "it appeared like a group of tumultuous waters, increasing in size as he came nearer. There was a revolving motion within a small circle of about a hundred feet diameter, within which was an incessant undulation of agitated waters which fell, beat, and dashed against one another." Still, although his barque was rocked and beaten to and fro very violently, Spallanzani was enabled to cross the Charybdis, and found that there was not the all-absorbing circular motion supposed to be so dangerous. On questioning the pilots respecting the appearance of the spot when at its greatest degree of agitation, he learned that when the current and the wind are opposed to each other, and both violent, the disturbance is at its height. It then contains three or four small whirlpools, or even more, according to the degree of its violence. "If at this time small vessels are driven into the Charybdis by the wind or the current, they are seen to whirl round, rock, and plunge, but are never drawn into the vortex. They only sink when filled with water by the waves dashing over them. When larger vessels are forced into it they cannot extricate themselves; whatever wind they may have, their sails are useless, and after having been for some time tossed about by the waves they are in danger, if not managed by skilful pilots, of being dashed on a neighbouring rock, wrecked, and the crew destroyed." The Scylla rock greatly increases the danger of the Messina Strait. If a sailing vessel is carried by a strong southerly wind, it will pass safely through the strait, but unless navigated by skilful pilots it is likely to be driven on this rock if it encounters a northerly wind.

By far the most terrible whirlpool known to the world, and concerning which some very marvellous tales have been told, is the famous Maelstrom, off the coast of Norway. Between the Islands of Lofoden and Moseve the depth of the sea is insufficient for the passage of a vessel; the water rushes past at flood tide with great force, but at ebb tide its fury is so great that its roar is heard many miles off, while it forms such capacious and powerful eddies that if sailing vessels come within their outer currents they are liable to be drawn in and dashed to pieces, the wrecks being thrown up to the surface when the sea becomes calm, which it does for only about a quarter of an hour at the turn of the tide. Even in this wild tumult later inquiry shows that there is no such all-comprehending vortical action as tradition formerly alleged. Whales have, however, been drawn into the Maelstrom, although they have exerted themselves to the utmost to escape after they have entered it. The bottom of the sea here appears to be very rocky, inasmuch as pieces of fir and pine wood, after being absorbed, rise torn to fragments.

An American captain visited this great whirlpool at one of its calmer intervals, and ran along the edge of it with his ship. He describes it, though in somewhat confused language, as about a mile and a half in diameter. "The velocity of its current increasing as it approximates to its centre, and gradually changing its dark-blue colour to white, and foaming, tumbling, and rushing to its vortex, very much concave, as much so as the water in a funnel when half run out; the noise, too, hissing, roaring, dashing—all pressing on the mind at once—presented the most awful, grand, and solemn sight I ever experienced. We were near it about eighteen minutes, and in sight of it two hours. From its magnitude I should not doubt that instant destruction would be the fate of a dozen of our largest ships were they drawn in at the same moment."

These whirlpools have been described by later observers as "chopping seas," caused by the conflict of currents or winds under peculiar conditions. Terrible as were the traditions attaching to these spots, it is now known that neither of these so-called whirlpools is dangerous in calm weather for large ships, though when the current and the wind are strongly in opposition the broken swell is so violent and extensive in the Maelstrom as to founder large ships.

There are dangerous eddies and currents of a similar nature in various parts of the sea around the Orkney Islands, in which boats manned by persons ignorant of the waters are

liable to be engulfed. Off the west coast of Argyleshire, and in the strait between Scarba and the Jura Isles, is the Corrievreckin Whirlpool, formed by the meeting of very rapid tides from the north and west in the narrow passage into the Jura Sound, round a rock which rises with a steep slope from a great depth to several fathoms from the surface. The water is driven by the rock in different ways, and at flow tide in stormy weather great openings form in the water, and prodigious volumes of water fall as over a precipice, and on rebounding dash together and rise in spray to a great height. The water is only smooth for about half an hour, and in slack water.

**The Raspberry Interest in Canada.**—At the entrance of the village to which the railway north of Toronto to Lake Simla conducted me I saw a placard with the announcement, "Wanted, 50,000 pails of raspberries. Apply," etc. At each small station on the railway there was a pile of raspberry-pails going up, and a similar pile of pails full going down. The fruit sells at twopence a pound, and a woman can earn four shillings a day during the season. The raspberry is the same as that which grows in England, and appears to be indigenous in both places. In Canada it forms the low undergrowth in the fir-forests. I essayed to join the juvenile pickers on the shores of the lake, but was fairly beaten (and bitten) by mosquitos. The fruit is used, of course, everywhere to make "berry-pie," the summer food of thousands, also for jam and preserves, an extensive business among our trans-Atlantic cousins. Of the fine varieties of other edible berries I do not here speak, save to say that I have joined children in huckleberrying, thimbleberrying, high and low bush blackberrying, and bilberrying, and that there are divers others. I am told that the enterprising storekeeper at Sutton would certainly get the 50,000 pails for which he advertised. The Indian squaws and children, from the island reserved in the lake, helped to provide the supply.

S. R. P.

**Dead as a Doornail.**—This seemingly odd simile is at least as old as the time of Shakespeare, for Pistol remarks to Falstaff that the king is dead "as nail in door." Doors of the sixteenth and seventeenth century were furnished with nails upon which the knocker fell. Hence, says Stevens, it is used as a comparison for one irrecoverably dead, one who has fallen, *multa morte*, in Virgil's phrase, such as reiteration of strokes on the head would naturally produce.

**London Trains.**—According to the "City Press" a total number of 2,200 trains leave London railway stations every twenty-four hours, whilst every hour between 10 a.m. and 11 p.m. 1,600 trains start for the Metropolitan termini, this being at the rate of two per minute. Of this number, 1,750 are suburban trains, the remainder comprising the country and continental service. From Broad-street Station 395 trains daily start, and 312 leave Liverpool-street Station every day.

**Luther at the Diet of Worms.**—The appearance of Luther before the Diet on this occasion is one of the finest—perhaps it is the very finest—scenes in human history. Many a man has encountered death bravely for a cause which he knows to be just, when he is sustained by the sympathy of thousands, of whom he is at the moment the champion and the representative. But it is one thing to suffer and another to encounter face to face, and single-handed, the array of spiritual and temporal authorities which are ruling supreme. Luther's very cause was yet unshaped and undetermined, and the minds of those who had admired and followed him were hanging in suspense for the issue of his trial. High-placed men of noble birth are sustained by pride of blood and ancestry, and the sense that they are the equals of those whom they defy. At Worms there was on one side a solitary low-born peasant monk, and on the other the Legate of the dreaded power which had broken the spirit of kings and emperors, sustained and personally supported by the Imperial Majesty itself and the assembled princes of Germany, before whom the poor peasantry had been taught to tremble as beings of another nature from themselves. Well might George of Brandenburg say that no knight among them all had ever faced a peril which could equal this. The victory was won. The wavering hearts took courage. The Evangelical



revolt spread like an epidemic. The Papacy was like an idol, powerful only as long as it was feared. Luther had thrown his spear at it, and the enchantment was broken. The idol was but painted wood, which men and boys might now mock and jibe at. Never again had Charles another chance of crushing the Reformation. France fell out with him on one side, and for the rest of his life gave him but brief intervals of breathing time. The Turks hung over Austria like a thunder cloud, terrified Ferdinand in Vienna, and swarmed over the Mediterranean in their pirate galleys. Charles was an earnest Catholic, but he was a statesman also, too wise to add to his difficulties by making war on heresy. What some call Providence, and others accident, had so ordered Europe that the tree which Luther had planted was allowed to grow till it was too strongly rooted to be overthrown.—*Mr. Froude, in the "Nineteenth Century."*

**The Dentist in Brittany.**—It was market-day at Briquebec, and there was a covered cart in the little Place (on which the bronze statue of one of Napoleon's generals looks down), with a crimson sort of banner, on which was inscribed, "Honneur à la Science," and it further was set forth that a surgeon-dentist who attends the barracks at Cherbourg was prepared to extract teeth on the smallest provocation. The practitioner was just then exercising his own at the hotel on some roast duck, but he had left his instruments behind him—a sword was very conspicuous. Imagine this brandished by the assistant in case the patient thinks better of it when his tooth is half out! There was also a tambourine, to keep up his spirits—and perhaps drown his remonstrances. Lastly, there was a large flat basket, full of human teeth, doubtless to encourage the others.

**Eclipse of the Sun as seen in the South Seas.**—On Monday, May 6th, an eclipse of the sun attracted universal attention, as I had previously given notice of it. It was not quite a total eclipse. We watched it from 9.30 a.m. till 11, when clouds obscured it quite. In heathen days this event would have occasioned great consternation. Liberal offerings of food would be carried to the *marais*, while the priests chanted prayers to Tangaroa in order to get back the sun. It was supposed that the hungry Gangarod had swallowed the luminary, but that on account of the large presents of food and many prayers he vomited the bright morsel up again! So completely has heathenism died out here that I did not hear allusion to the belief of past times.—*W. Wyatt Gill, B.A., Rarotonga.*

**The Volcanic Eruption in Java.**—The magnitude of the recent volcanic eruption in Java has hindered the publication of accurate details. The very terror of the scenes enacted must have prevented the accurate observation of facts. We give place, for future reference, to the following extract from a description telegraphed to the "Daily News" from New York, as giving the most vivid account which has yet appeared:—"The disturbances began on the island of Krakatoa on Saturday, August 25th, when deep rumblings were distinctly audible at Suraperta and Batavia. Little alarm was felt at first, but within a few hours showers of stones began to fall, and all through the night showers of red-hot stones and ashes fell. Far away at Madura, more than five hundred miles distant, furious waves were lashed into mountains of foam as they came rolling in. The rumblings gradually became more and more distinct, and by noon of the same day Maha Meru, the largest of the volcanoes, was belching forth flames at an alarming rate. This eruption soon spread to Gunung Guntur, and many other minor mountains, until more than a third of the forty-five craters of Java were either in active eruption or seriously threatening it. Just before dusk a great luminous cloud formed over Gunung Guntur, and the crater of that volcano began to emit enormous streams of white and sulphurous mud and lava, which were rapidly succeeded by explosions, followed by tremendous showers of cinders and enormous fragments of rock, which were hurled high into the air. On Sunday evening the shocks and eruptions increased in violence. About midnight the most frightful scene of all took place. Suddenly an enormous luminous cloud, similar to that over Gunung Guntur, but much greater in extent, formed over the Kandang range of mountains which skirt the south-east coast of the island. This cloud

gradually increased in size until it formed a canopy of lurid red and whitish-grey over a wide extent of territory. During this time the eruptions increased, and streams of lava poured incessantly down the sides of the mountains into the valleys, sweeping everything before them. About two o'clock on Monday morning this great cloud suddenly broke into small sections and vanished, and when daylight came it was seen that an enormous tract of land had disappeared, extending from Point Capucin, on the south, to Negery Passoeang, on the north and west, to the lowest point, covering about fifty square miles. The entire Kandang range of mountains, extending along the coast in a semicircle for about sixty-five miles, had gone out of sight. The waters of Welcome Bay in the Sunda Straits, and Pepper Bay on the east, and the Indian Ocean on the south, had rushed in and formed a sea of turbulent waters. On Monday night the volcano of Papandayang was in an active state of paroxysmal eruption. In Sumatra three distinct columns of flame were seen to rise from a mountain to a vast height, and its whole surface was soon covered with fiery lava streams which spread to great distances on all sides. Stones fell for miles around, and black fragmentary matter carried into the air caused total darkness. A whirlwind accompanied this eruption, by which house-roofs, trees, men, and horses were carried into the air. The quantity of ashes ejected was such as to cover the ground and the roofs of the houses at Denamo to a depth of several inches. Suddenly the scene changed. The mountain was split into seven parts without a moment's warning, and where Papandayang had stood alone were now seven distinct peaks. One of the most singular incidents was the sudden rising on the forenoon of Tuesday of fourteen new volcanic mountains in the Straits of Sunda."

**The Three Stutterers.**—A gentleman, afflicted with an impediment in his speech, sat down to dinner at a tavern, and calling to a waiter, addressed him thus, "W-w-waiter, gi-give m-me s-s-some r-r-roast b-b-beef." The waiter stammered out, "W-w-we a-a-an't g-g-got a-a-any." At which the gentleman, highly enraged, supposing the servant was mocking him, sprang from his seat and was proceeding to knock him down, when a third person arrested his arm, and cried to him not to strike, saying, "He st-tt-stutters s-s-same as w-w-we d-d-do!"

**Gaining Information.**—Locke was asked how he had contrived to accumulate a mine of knowledge so rich, yet so extensive and deep. He replied that he attributed what little he knew to the not having been ashamed to ask for information, and to the rule he had laid down of conversing with all descriptions of men on those topics chiefly that formed their own particular profession and pursuits. The best-informed men are undoubtedly those who adopt this rule.

**A Poet's Vengeance.**—Some one having urged Tasso to avenge himself upon a man who had done him many injuries, he said, "I wish to take from him neither his property, nor his life, nor his honour, but only his ill-will towards me."

**Base Sport.**—A correspondent of "Land and Water," Mr. R. Johnston, wrote the following appeal on the cruel and wanton murder of seawolf by men who "scatter death, and call it sport":—"For partridge and pheasant shooting it may be fairly urged that execution is usually done by practised shots, that few birds are hit which are not killed, and that the birds after being killed are of some use—we do see them on the dinner-table. But for the kind of 'sport' which I am now about to describe I fail to see any excuse whatever. It is simply a form of self-indulgence, purchased at the cost of great misery to untold numbers of not only harmless but most useful birds. To a right-thinking man it is wanton cruelty, and nothing else. I can best describe the practice by giving two examples, out of many which I have personally witnessed. No. 1. Two men, having the appearance of farmers, and apparently fairly good shots, lounged about on a lonely beach for a whole day, shooting at every bird which came in sight. As the birds were numerous, they had what they would call 'a fine day's sport.' It so happened that on the following day I saw the same two men on the platform at Ipswich Station. They were relating their exploits to a friend. In reply to questions by the friend, I

noted down the following answers. (I may say that there was no 'eavesdropping' about the matter, as the remarks were made in a loud tone, and in the hearing of many people. They gloried in their shame.) 'Well, I hit about sixty.' 'I hit pretty nearly one hundred.' 'Use? No, you can't do anything with them.' 'Did I get them? No, half of them—aye, two-thirds of them—were only winged.' 'You see, a gull is all feathers, and the chances are that your shot does not hurt its body; you only break its wing.' 'Why, then he tumbles into the water.' 'Fetch him! No, he's not worth fetching.' Thus, for their own 'amusement,' and for nothing else, these two men, according to their own account, had left about two-thirds of 150 birds (say 100) to perish miserably of wounds and starvation. Example No. 2. Four or five men, having the appearance of groomers or gentlemen's servants out for a holiday, hire double-barrelled guns, take a boat, and fire away all day with similar results. I am utterly averse to prosecutions. I would never use imprisonment save as a dire necessity. I would rather earnestly call for an expression of public opinion, which should gibbet such wanton cruelties with the infamy which they deserve. Further, as a farmer, I protest that these cruel men are killing our best friends. The green plover all the year round, and the sea-gulls on the least approach of rough weather, may be seen scouring the fields for miles inland in pursuit of wire-worm and grub. The green plovers or lapwings are purely insectivorous birds, and as such are invaluable to the turnip grower. The clowns who shoot them and the poachers who take their eggs are about equally mischievous. I submit that the naturalist, the husbandman, and the hater of wanton cruelty should ally in protesting against this system of slaughter of harmless and useful birds—a system which is growing year by year."

[By the exertions of the late Mr. Frank Buckland and other humane naturalists, protection is given by law at certain seasons to sea-fowl as well as to other birds, but the cruel slaughter on our coasts by cads with guns is still too prevalent.]

**Umbrellas in India.**—Last year 3,353,055 umbrellas were imported into India, a number much larger than the imports of 1881-2; but also, according to the official report, much smaller than the imports of the year before that. A large proportion of these umbrellas are stated to be "wonderful things to behold, brilliant in colour and remarkable in design, and apparently specially manufactured for use in India." As illustrative of the relative condition of the people in the two provinces, it is noted that while Burmah imported 819,313 umbrellas, Madras imported only 22,960.

**Visit of H.M.S. Kingfisher to Rarotonga.**—After morning service on Sunday, April 29th ult., H.M.S. Kingfisher steamed opposite this village. In a short time Captain Thornton, with one of his lieutenants, landed and formally waited upon the Queen to express the kindly feelings of Great Britain. After a little pleasant conversation we all attended afternoon service. Our visitors were pleased with all that they saw and heard. We then conducted them to the Mission House to partake of a cup of tea. About sunset they returned on board. On the following day presents of food were made to the captain, and a large party of us—chiefs, missionaries, and merchants—went on board to inspect the ship. Queen Makea was received with the utmost respect. At 3 p.m. the Kingfisher steamed away for Aitutaki. Captain Thornton is a grandson of good Bishop Heber, whose famous hymn, "From Greenland," is as popular in the Pacific, in various native renderings, as the original is in our own land. The visit of the Kingfisher was a pleasing surprise.—*W. Wyatt Gill, B.A., Rarotonga.*

**Marriage Seriously Viewed.**—The following letter of very questionable congratulation was sent to a young friend and neighbour in Chelsea, who had written in the first flush of hope and pleasure to tell Mrs. Carlyle of her engagement:—"And you are actually going to get married! You! already! And you expect me to congratulate you, or perhaps not. I admire the judiciousness of that 'perhaps not.' Frankly, my dear, I wish you all happiness in the new life that is opening to you, and you are marrying under good auspices, since your father approves of the marriage. But congratulation on such occasions seems to me a tempting of Providence. The triumphal procession air, which in our

manners and customs is given to marriage at the outset—that singing of *Te Deum* before the battle has begun—has, ever since I could reflect, struck me as somewhat senseless and somewhat impious. If ever one is to pray—if ever one is to feel grave and anxious—if ever one is to shrink from vain show and vain babble, surely it is just on the occasion of two human beings binding themselves to one another, for better and for worse, till death part them, just on that occasion which it is customary to celebrate only with congratulations and rejoicings, and *trousseaux* and white ribbon.

**The Sea Serpent.**—A correspondent writes:—"In the article upon the sea serpent (at page 123 of the "Leisure Hour") allusion is made to the fight between the sea serpent and a sperm whale, in lat. 5° 13' S., and long. 35° W., as witnessed by the captain and crew of the ship *Pauline* in the year 1875. In the summer of 1878, while travelling upon the Continent, I noticed in *Galignani's Messenger* a statement that the telegraph cable to Brazil being out of order it was found on examination that a sperm whale had been strangled by its coils, which the whale had no doubt utilised to free itself from parasites. This statement might be easily verified, and if true there can be little doubt that it would account for that sea serpent story, although it does not in the least follow that no massive saurian is now in existence. The young officer in H.M.S. *Algerine*, who was killed by a sea snake in Madras Roads, was Mr. Hyman, stepson of Hayden the artist. The snake was for many years in the United Service Institution in London."—H. K., Capt. R.N.

**A Great Wire Rope.**—The great driving-rope which pulls the cars across the new Brooklyn Bridge is 1½ in. in diameter, 11,700 ft. long, and weighs nineteen tons. It is accompanied by a duplicate rope of the same weight and strength, which is to be held in reserve, for use when the first rope wears out. The test which it has been subjected to gives ample assurance of its strength. Before it left the works every wire held at least 1,000 pounds, and was stretched from four to six per cent. more. In order to protect it from the atmosphere, and also to supply to the interior a kind of lubricator when it comes to be used, the rope has received a coating of tar.—*Iron.*

**Pawnbroking in France.**—An official document with regard to the pawnbroking business in France, which is entirely in the hands of the State, shows that there are at the present time only forty-two establishments or *Monts-de-Piété* throughout the country. In nearly three-fourths of the departments there exist none whatever. The most important is that of Paris, after which come those of Lyons, Bordeaux, Marseilles, Lille, and Rouen. In these six branches the sums lent represent 82 per cent. of the total for the whole of France. Last year 3,012,571 articles were received in pledge in the different establishments, representing 52,995,948 fr. lent. The average sum was 20 fr. for Paris, and 14 fr. for the departments. There were 1,224,806 loans ranging between 5 fr. and 10 fr., 906,829 under 5 fr., and 880,936 from 11 fr. to 1,000 fr. and upwards.

**Carlyle and George Washington.**—The following amusing conversation between Carlyle and Mr. J. T. Fields, the American publisher, is recorded in "The Friendships of Mary Russell Mitford": "So, sir, ye're an American?" quoth the self-sufficient Scotchman. Mr. Fields assented. "Ah, that's a wretched notion of your aim. It's all wrong. It always has been wrong from the vera beginning. That grete mon of yours—George" (did any one under the sun ever dream of calling Washington *George* before?)—"your grete mon George was a monstrous bore, and wants taking down a few hundred pegs." "Really, Mr. Carlyle," replied my friend, "you are the last man in the world from whom I should have expected such an observation. Look at your own book on Cromwell! What was Washington but Cromwell without his personal ambition and without his fanaticism?" "Eh, sir," responded Carlyle, "George had neither ambition nor religion, nor any good quality under the sun—George was just Oliver with all the juice squeezed out."

**Aurora Borealis.**—In the account of the Aurora Borealis (p. 510) as seen in Cumberland Straits, it was Captain Penny (not Kenny) who should have been mentioned.—Also, for *Arminian*, p. 528, read *Armenian*.

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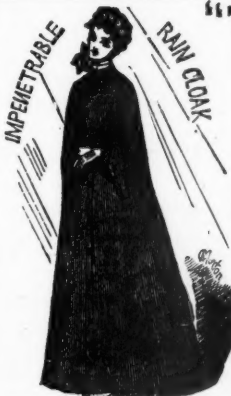
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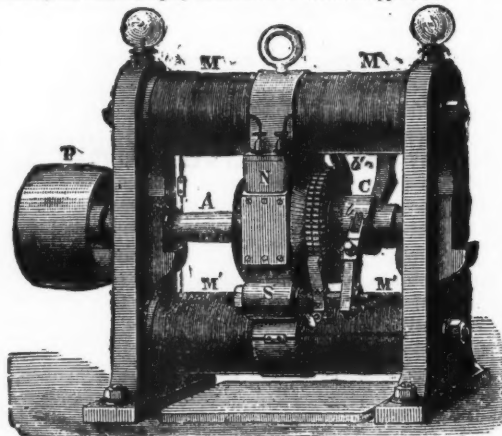
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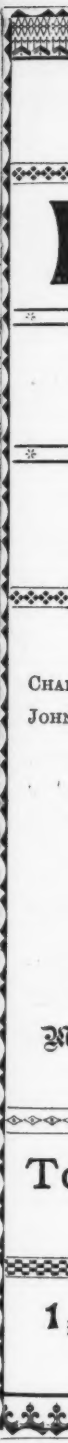
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## PROFIT.

- 12.—Four-fifths of the Entire Profit of the business are Divided among participating Policy-holders.
- 13.—The non-participating part of the business, yielding Four-fifths of its profit to the Participating Policy-holders, is estimated to fully compensate for the Proprietors' Share of Quinquennial Profit.
- 14.—The advantages of a Mutual Office are thus combined with the security afforded by a Proprietary one.
- 15.—The existing Bonuses vary from £1 10s. on Policies recently effected to £110 on the oldest Policies for each £100 of the original Sum Assured.
- 16.—The Bonuses are Declared on Previous Bonuses as well as on the Original Sum Assured.
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*N.B.—All participating Policies effected before the 31st of January next will obtain an additional Year's Share of the Profits in 1886 over later entrants.*

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MUTUAL ASSURANCE WITH MODERATE PREMIUMS.

# Scottish Provident Institution.

THE following are the Results reported for the Year 1882 :—

New Assurances, £1,031,965, with £40,402 of Premiums, of which £7430 by Single Payment.

Net Premiums received, £423,724.—Total Income, £601,072.

Realised Funds (increased in year by £307,797), £4,509,730.

## EARLY PAYMENT OF CLAIMS.

A RESOLUTION WAS SUBMITTED, PROVIDING FOR PAYMENT OF CLAIMS  
One Month after admission of proof of Death.

MR. FERGUSON OF KINMUNDY, in moving the adoption of the Report, said :—

THE REPORT just read is probably one of the most satisfactory ever presented to you. That in an ordinary year, without the stimulus of an approaching division of profits, or any other speciality to influence business, the large sum of One Million and Thirty Thousand Pounds of New Assurances should have been effected, is a matter for mutual congratulation. The business, moreover, has been of a safe and genuine character, being entirely a Home Business, and not inflated by large sums on one life, requiring to be reassured in other Offices; and it has been obtained at an exceptionally low cost, as I shall afterwards show. Another feature worthy of note is the moderate ratio of Claims to the Annual Income. These Claims were in all £235,213, against an income of £601,072, evidently a very low proportion.

This statement leads up to a third, and that the most gratifying feature of the Report, namely, that the Realised Funds of the Institution have been increased in the year by the large sum of £307,797,—their amount at the close of 1882 being £4,509,728, against subsisting Assurances of £15,350,000. This, I need not say, is a very high proportion, particularly for an Office in which, from the low average age of the members, the premiums will continue to be drawn for a lengthened period.

It was stated in last year's Report that "the Accumulated Fund has increased in the last nine years by upwards of Two Millions," and that "of

a hundred Offices in the kingdom not more than four (all of much longer standing) have as large a fund." This was given with the caution which we have always wished should characterise such statements. I am now in a position to state that not more than two Offices are possessed of Funds which, as do ours, exceed Four and a Half Millions of Pounds. These two are also native Scottish Offices. Their names will, no doubt, at once occur to you. And without wishing to appear unduly to magnify our own Institution, I may just add that it is now possessed of a much larger Accumulated Fund than either of them had at the same stage of their history.

Such are the salient points in the business history of the last year. They tell of stability, and they point to progress. The increase of our business is not purchased at the expense of security. As the one extends the other is built up. The million of New Assurances is backed up by an increase of £307,000 to the funds; and thus extension and financial strength go hand in hand.

He then referred to the cost of management, which is greatly under any Office doing a large progressive business, and which has been steadily falling. In the Board of Trade Report, in 1874, the cost was stated at 12·5 per cent on the premiums. Last year the ratio was 9·4 per cent to premiums, and to the year's income 6·6 per cent only.

MR. JOHN COWAN, Beeslack, seconded the motion; which, with the Resolution for earlier Payment of Claims, was unanimously approved of.

THE ADVANTAGES which this Institution offers to Assurers are :—

A greatly larger original Assurance—generally as much as £1200 or £1250 for the Premium charged elsewhere (with Profits) for £1000 only.

The prospect, to good lives, of very considerable additions—no share of Profit being given to those by whose early death there is a loss.

EDINBURGH, April 1883.

JAMES WATSON, Manager.

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# Scottish Provident Institution.

TABLE OF PREMIUMS, BY DIFFERENT MODES OF PAYMENT,  
For Assurance of £100 at Death—With Profits.

Age next Birth-day.	Annual Premium payable during Life.	ANNUAL PREMIUM LIMITED TO			Single Payment.	Age next Birth-day.
		Twenty-one Payments.	Fourteen Payments.	Seven Payments.		
21	£1 16 3	£2 10 6	£3 4 11	£5 10 0	£33 0 1	21
22	1 16 9	2 11 0	3 5 9	5 11 0	33 5 10	22
23	1 17 2	2 11 6	3 6 5	5 12 1	33 11 2	23
24	1 17 7	2 12 1	3 6 11	5 13 1	33 16 5	24
25	1 18 0	2 12 6	3 7 3	5 14 0	34 2 0	25
26	1 18 6	2 13 0	3 7 10	5 14 11	34 8 2	26
27	1 19 2	2 13 6	3 8 7	5 15 11	34 16 1	27
28	1 19 11	2 14 1	3 9 5	5 17 1	35 4 9	28
29	2 0 8	2 14 8	3 10 3	5 18 6	35 14 1	29
*30	2 1 6	2 15 4	3 11 2	6 0 1	36 4 0	*30
31	2 2 6	2 16 2	3 12 1	6 1 10	36 14 6	31
32	2 3 5	2 17 1	3 13 2	6 3 8	37 5 5	32
33	2 4 6	2 18 0	3 14 4	6 5 8	37 17 2	33
34	2 5 7	2 19 0	3 15 7	6 7 9	38 9 7	34
35	2 6 10	3 0 2	3 16 11	6 10 0	39 2 9	35
36	2 8 2	3 1 5	3 18 4	6 12 5	39 16 11	36
37	2 9 8	3 2 9	3 19 11	6 15 0	40 12 4	37
38	2 11 3	3 4 3	4 1 7	6 17 9	41 8 7	38
39	2 12 11	3 5 9	4 3 4	7 0 7	42 5 4	39
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41	2 16 8	3 9 2	4 7 2	7 6 8	44 0 11	41
42	2 18 8	3 11 1	4 9 3	7 9 11	44 19 9	42
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46	3 8 5	4 0 0	4 19 1	8 4 6	49 2 8	46
47	3 11 5	4 2 8	5 2 1	8 8 8	50 5 8	47
48	3 14 8	4 5 8	5 5 4	8 13 2	51 9 7	48
49	3 18 1	4 8 9	5 8 9	8 17 11	52 14 1	49
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51	4 5 6	4 15 5	5 16 1	9 7 11	55 4 5	51
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58	5 15 9	.....	7 2 9	11 3 10	63 9 4	58
59	6 1 0	.....	7 7 3	11 9 0	64 12 11	59
60	6 6 7	.....	7 12 0	11 14 3	65 16 9	60

\* EXAMPLE.—A person of 30 may thus secure £1000 at Death, by a yearly payment, during Life, of £20:15s. This Premium, if paid to any other of the Scottish Mutual Offices, would secure £800 only, instead of £1000.

[These Rates are about as low as the usual non-participating Rates of other Offices, which are expected to yield a surplus and whose sufficiency is guaranteed.]

OR, if unwilling to burden himself with payments during his whole life, he may secure the same sum of £1000 by twenty-one yearly payments of £27:13:4—being thus free of payment after age 50.

† At age 40 the Premium ceasing at age 60, is for £1000, £33:14:2, being about the same as most Offices require to be paid during the whole term of life.

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## *Extract from Report of the Directors for the year 1882.*

"Proposals were received for Assurances amounting to £667,670. Of these the Directors declined £75,100 and accepted £592,570, the largest amount of new business ever done by the office in one year. The new premiums amounted to £19,211.

The Claims were £162,836 13s. 9d., being £3,790 less than those for 1881.

The Annual Income from all sources increased from £290,077 to £300,973.

The Invested Funds amounted to £2,299,086, as compared with £2,207,986 in 1881.

With the close of the year 1882 was completed another quinquennial or bonus period; within which great progress has been made, as will be seen in the following figures:—

Period of Five Years.	Amount of New Premiums.	Amount of New Assurances.
1863 to 1867 .....	£58,913 .....	£1,742,905
1868 „ 1872 .....	58,706 .....	1,763,498
1873 „ 1877 .....	68,032 .....	2,023,788
1878 „ 1882 .....	88,175 .....	2,683,111

The quinquennial valuation shows a surplus of £499,031 17s. 8d. Under the deed of constitution, one-half must be reserved and will accumulate at interest until the next division of profits in 1888. The other half, £249,515 18s. 10d., will be divided between the shareholders and policyholders, in the proportion required by the deed, the shareholders receiving £8,145 only, the policyholders £241,370 18s. 10d., the reversionary value of which sum will be added to their policies.

The position of the office, then, stands thus: After making full provision for every policy liability, upon a stringent net premium valuation, and after the distribution of a bonus of £241,370 18s. 10d. to the policyholders, and £8,145 to the shareholders, the Provident commences another quinquennial period, dating from January 1, 1883, with a surplus of £249,515 18s. 10d., in itself an element of great strength, and a source of profit for the next bonus distribution to be made five years hence. Under these conditions, the Directors confidently look forward to a career of unabated success and of continued progress."

*A copy of the Report of the Directors and the Chairman's Address at the last General Meeting will be forwarded on application to*

CHAS. STEVENS, Secretary.

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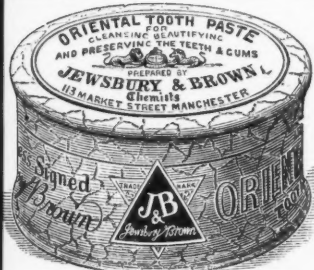
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